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G. Bernard Wood

CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS

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GARDENING

MR. CUTHBERT'S GARDEN TALK MAY I take this opportunity of wishing you a Happy New Year and to all Gardeners who add Good Gardening and Bumper Crops during 1942. Do not forget to write to me for any help or assistance you may require in connexion with Gardening matters. My **FREE ADVISORY BUREAU** is entirely at your Service. The New Year resolve of CUTHBERT'S remains unaltered, i.e. to continue the high quality of their Nursery stock.

Here are some of the outstanding Bargains I can still offer:

A Collection of Apple Trees which have been specially chosen to ensure a supply of fruit for dessert well into the winter months. The Collection consists of 4 specially selected 3 year old Fruiting Size Bush Apple Trees as follows: 1 WORCESTER PEARMAIN, the popular and earliest fruiting variety, 1 JAMES GRIEVE, everybody's favourite, 2 COX'S ORANGE for Christmas eating. This Collection of 4 magnificent Apple Trees is worth at least 30s., but as a special offer while present stock lasts I will send carriage and packing free for only 20/- 2 Collections 38s. 6d., 3 Collections 57s. 6d.

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STANDARD ROSE TREES.—Six excellent, sturdy specimens, with large heads, in the most popular varieties to our selection (state colours), 25s. carriage paid.

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These plants have all flowered this Autumn, giving large spikes of multi-coloured flowers. Unless otherwise stated, please add 1/- for carriage and packing. Over £1 carriage paid.

Write to me for any help you may require on Gardening matters.

MR. CUTHBERT, R. & G. CUTHBERT,

47, GOFF'S OAK, HERTS.

The Nation's Nurserymen since 1797.

CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS

Continued on Inside Back Cover.

COUNTRY LIFE

JANUARY 2, 1942

Vol. XCI. No. 2346



Harlip

MISS EILEEN GREY

Miss Grey is the only daughter of the late Sir John Grey, Bt., and of the late Lady Grey of Enville Hall, Stourbridge; her engagement to the Earl of Harrington, Elvaston Castle, Derby, only son of the tenth Earl of Harrington and of Mrs. Luke Lillingston of Mount Coote, Co. Limerick, was recently announced.

COUNTRY LIFE

EDITORIAL OFFICES:

2-10, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2
Telegrams: Country Life, London. Telephone: Temple Bar 7351

ADVERTISEMENT AND PUBLISHING OFFICES:

TOWER HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2
Telephone: Temple Bar 4363

The Editor reminds correspondents that communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. MSS. will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

Postal rates on this issue: Inland 2½d., Canada 1½d., Elsewhere abroad 2½d.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in COUNTRY LIFE should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

CONSCRIBING THE HOME GUARD

CONSCRIPTION was not asked for by the Home Guard and as yet it is not clear how the compulsory powers to be given to the Secretary at War will help to solve the chief problem of individual units: to secure 100 per cent. regular attendance at parades without definite disciplinary measures. The voluntary system by which men are on their honour to attend parades if they possibly can has worked well with the keen majority. Many of the men whom conscription will bring in will tend to be those who have already dropped out, and there will still be the problem of what to do if their attendance continues to be erratic; for it is unlikely that commanders will want to go to the length of getting men sent to prison for a month. Where attendance has been irregular the fault often lay as much with the unit commander for failing to organise sufficiently varied instruction or exercises to keep his men on their toes. As training has progressed and the supply of weapons increased, there is less excuse for such lack of interest, and where platoon commanders report bad attendance it might often be worth enquiring into their own qualities of leadership. In any case, as training develops, a larger supply of Regular instructors is called for. We have already suggested the formation of first and second line sections to overcome disparities in fitness and training. With conscription possibly bringing in many elderly or not entirely fit men, some such dual organisation becomes very necessary unless the pace of all is to be adjusted to the slowest. There is nothing against women being enrolled for second-line duties—secretarial and liaison work in particular; but the point is that in most units there are already enough men who are better fitted for such duties than for the more active work, and soon there may be many more of the same category.

LANDOWNERS' TAXES

SINCE the Report on the activities of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners as rural landowners was published, the original controversy with regard to the unduly privileged position—so it was called—of the corporate landowner has taken a new turn. It seems now to be admitted by all concerned that the exemption of corporate owners, so far as they are classed as charitable institutions, is a pure matter of national policy. A very relevant consideration is that advanced by Major A. V. Spencer from the Oxford University Chest Office. He points out that very little difference would be made by submitting the educational corporations, for instance to the usual Schedule A income tax, or to a liability approaching the periodic call on individual landowners for death duties. The solvency of the corporations concerned already depends on Exchequer grants, and the only result of increasing their liabilities would in practice be to increase the amounts of the grants-in-aid. The Government would merely

be transferring money from one pocket to another. There is no real comparison in fact between the positions of corporations whose losses would be automatically made up by their chief creditor and that of owners whose personal interest is always at stake. On the other hand there is no doubt a great advantage, as many people have recently suggested, in having an increasing number of landowners of the type which such corporations provide. Their constitution guarantees integrity and tradition, two of the qualities which rank them with the great landlords of the past. The third is, the financial independence which permits them to maintain and improve their estates without uneconomic and injudicious sacrifices. There remains the different question as to whether it would be a national gain to allow, as has been suggested, all bona fide agricultural improvements to be included in the maintenance claim. The question is really not one of equity as between owners, but one as to whether this particular loss to the Exchequer would not be far more than compensated by the agricultural improvement which would result.

CALENDAR

*W*ALK the road with footsteps wary,
Frost—snow—slide . . . goes January.

*February frees the rill,
Hear the rainstorm on the hill!*

*Through the strings of the bough's arch,
Winds play loud the tunes of March.*

*April laughs at once and cries,
Green buds glitter in her eyes.*

*Blossoms, every side the way,
Sweeten the warm air for May.*

*June sees grass and crop grow tall,
Lark and cuckoo's constant call.*

*Reapers pile the harvest high,
Threshing's music for July.*

*August's flowers are coloured deep,
But her eyes are half asleep.*

*Fruits grow red as gleaming ember
In the great fire of September.*

*Mists draw veils, serene and sober,
Round the grey head of October.*

*Quiet, like old folk who remember,
Rest November and December.*

TREVOR BLAKEMORE.

THE WAR AND WILD LIFE

REFERENCE to the war's probable influence on Africa's wild life was made in these notes some months ago. With America a belligerent, we have now to consider possible effects in the western hemisphere as well as the eastern. There seems relatively little chance of fur-bearers feeling this war as they did the last. In 1914 and 1915 they multiplied because trappers could not obtain credits, but later on they were severely reduced because of the demand among women war-workers for fur coats. Again, though the destruction of thousands of interesting animals—notably prong-buck and bison—in the Canadian National Park at Wainwright (and possibly elsewhere) was a regrettable misfortune, there seems slight chance of North America's big-game being affected as Africa's is likely to be. But the war and the post-war settlement may well cause Japan's whaling activities to be curbed, and that is desirable, since they have been deleterious to the whales, and if (as may be expected) the U.S.A. occupies the Galapagos Islands that move also will rejoice the hearts of naturalists, since the Americans are good conservationists. Unfortunately the laws of Ecuador, though well intentioned, have not properly protected the giant tortoises (some of which are possibly bicentenarians), seals, lizards or all the birds in these islands that partially command the western approach to the Panama Canal. The wild life of the Galapagos group of course occupies a unique position (thanks to Darwin) in the history

of the biological sciences, and there may well be much more for us to learn from those extraordinary finches and from the bird which has risen to the use of a stick to chivvy its insect prey from crevices. On possible indirect effects of Japanese war-making one can only speculate more vaguely. It may, for example, be recalled that the demand for reptile skins was some few years ago said to be causing a plague of rats and other vermin in Malaya and the East Indies, because so many of the reptiles had been killed. May we a few years hence read of a plague of reptiles, as a result of Man having "for the duration" suspended his own predatory activities?

THE WASTE-PAPER STAKES

TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS are to be won for the largest amounts of waste paper, books, and cardboard salvaged between New Year's Day and January 31. The competitors are the local authorities; the beneficiaries will be charities—many of whom are as hard hit by the war as our factories are desperately short of the products made from waste paper; the stakes are given by public-spirited citizens. Every district stands to win something, for Great Britain and Northern Ireland have been divided into 20 areas, to each of which £1,000 is allotted, to be divided in three prizes of £500, £250, £100, with three consolation prizes. It is a condition that one half of every prize shall be given either to the Red Cross, Mrs. Churchill's Aid to Russia Fund, the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, or the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families' Association. The other half is to be given by the local authority to whatever local charity or charities it designates. The competition is simplicity itself, and full particulars can be obtained from the Waste Paper Recovery Association, Limited, 154, Fleet Street, E.C.4; returns must be received not later than February 9. The rivalry, which we anticipate will be hot, will be within the various areas: for example, No. 2, Northern Scotland; No. 19, Greater London; No. 10, South Wales. But there will be considerable academic interest in discovering which part of the country is able to produce the greatest tonnage of waste paper. Some exciting side bets might be laid as between the competition areas, or between two local authorities—for instance, a university town and a residential district—the private stakes on which should, of course, also go to charities.

BARRY AND PUGIN

SALVAGE hunts may produce treasure trove, as in the case of the drawings by Sir Charles Barry for the Palace of Westminster, found by Mr. C. J. Marshall, an architect, once the pupil of Barry's son. The Chief Architect of the Ministry of Works and Buildings has said that they are "just the drawings that are wanted"—presumably in connection with the reconstruction work. But the historically inquisitive will wonder whether this description refers to any further light that the drawings may shed on the dark places in Barry's relations with Augustus Welby Pugin: the Gothic "ghost" who became so famous that Barry undoubtedly suppressed as much evidence as possible of their collaboration on the original design. Pugin's diary for 1835-36, quoted by Mr. Michael Trappes-Lomax in his recent Biography, proves that Barry's winning designs, to a great but uncertain extent, were Pugin's work. But most of the documentary evidence has "disappeared." It was in 1858 that Pugin's widow mentioned to Sir Charles Barry that she had found a large number of his old letters to her husband. He exclaimed: "Good heavens! I thought he had destroyed them all." The sequel was that he asked Pugin's son to dine and bring the letters so that they could go through them together. When young Pugin was leaving, Sir Charles casually remembered the letters and asked that they might be left with him as it was now so late. They were, 76 of them, and have never been seen again. Another salvage hunt may discover them. But it is not very likely, for Barry had the salvaging of his reputation to consider, and he probably made sure of it.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

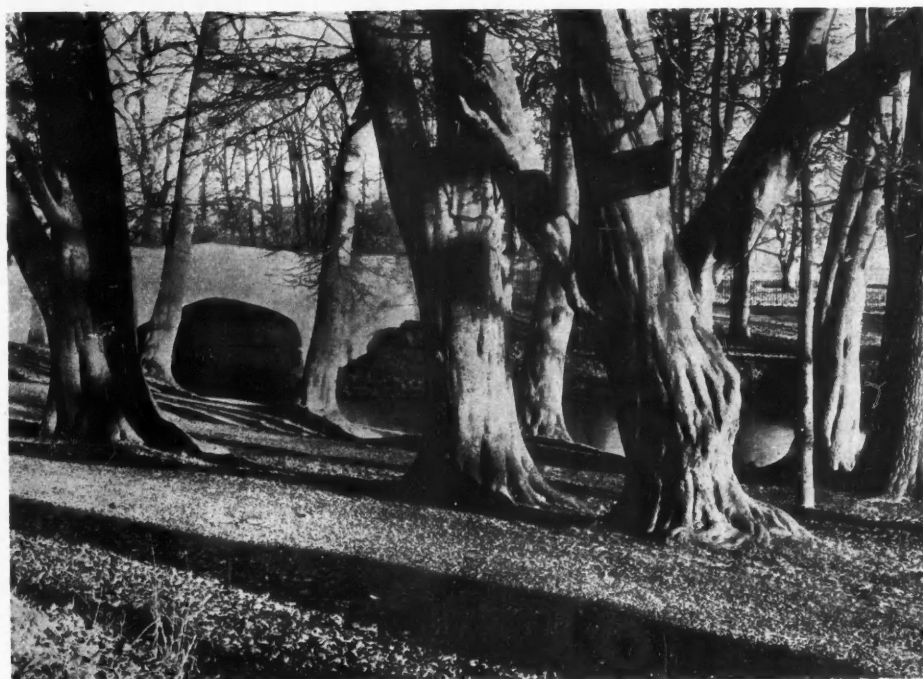
CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT'S recent article (November 14) on the training of young shooting dogs and the encouragement of their natural instincts suggests a point that has often occurred to me, and that is whether it is considerate for people who do not shoot to keep sporting dogs. I refer particularly to cockers who have become so popular as household pets of recent years. These poor little fellows, with nothing better to occupy their minds than the inspection of lamp-posts, seem to be suffering from frustration, and there is something about the puzzled, wrinkled expressions on their faces, which suggests that all their sporting instincts have been suppressed by the unnatural life they are forced to lead. For them the fireside only and the walk through railigned parks, with never the opportunity to bury their noses in the soft, warm fur of a newly shot rabbit and carry it proudly to master.

ONE day when partridge driving here last season, the guns were lined up not far from a small house, then occupied by a refugee family from London, and as the first shots sounded a delighted golden cocker, all flapping ears and wagging tail, put in an appearance. As it transpired later, he had never heard a shot fired before in his life, nor was he aware that such delightfully scented things as partridges existed, but his instinct told him what he should do, though his method of carrying it out would not have met with Captain Drought's approval.

For the next 15 minutes he raced up and down behind the line of guns, picking up birds, and disappearing with them through a hole in the hedge where he deposited them on his kitchen doorstep to return hurriedly for more. One way and another, owing to shouting and whistling, vociferous protests by legitimate dogs on the delicate question of ownership, and the frantic attempts of the cocker's owner to capture his pet, the drive was not a success, many coveys of partridges managing to cross the line of guns without a shot being fired. The reactions of the party to this unexpected interference with their sport revealed the fact that there were two schools of thought. Some were only extremely angry and could see nothing funny in the occurrence—"People ought to keep their damned dogs under control," and so forth—others were vastly amused, but their amusement was tempered with sadness at the thought that probably never again in his life would that enthusiastic little cocker experience such a gloriously happy quarter of an hour.

Perhaps, however, I am wasting sob-stuff unnecessarily, and this golden cocker may have been an exception to the general rule, for I recall now that a well-known field-trial man complained recently that the show-bench breeders had succeeded in breeding every trace of sporting instinct out of this popular breed.

IT is difficult to get away from the topic of retrieving dogs once one has started, as there is such a fund of good stories on the subject. I heard the other day of a young stranger spaniel who, having refused during two shooting seasons to pick up or carry game under any circumstances, was eventually given up as a hopeless case and when he went out with the guns was expected only to work. One day on the moors there were two grouse and one to his master and one to the gun on the right, who was accompanied by a very old retriever. As the retriever went



E. W. Tattersall

WINTER SUNLIGHT ON TREES: CASSIOBURY PARK, HERTFORDSHIRE

forward to pick up his bird the springer dashed forward, grabbed the grouse from under his rival's nose, took it to master and then returned to fetch the other bird, delivering both to hand in the most professional manner. After this he insisted upon retrieving every bird shot during the day irrespective of ownership, which suggests that although he had grasped the technique of retrieving there were still some of the finer points he had to learn concerning the laws governing *meum* and *tuum*.

OF course, there is the famous story of the late Mr. Charles Radclyffe's yellow Labrador, which he considered the finest retriever in the world. At a big pheasant shoot just about luncheon time there was a strong runner cock pheasant down and none of the various dogs employed could do anything about it, so Mr. Radclyffe was asked to put the Labrador on the line. After 10 minutes or so, as nothing had happened, the party went over to the brake to lunch, and as they were sitting down the dog appeared with a cock pheasant in his mouth. "There you are," began Mr. Radclyffe triumphantly, "what did I tell you?"

At this moment the head-keeper came up puffing and blowing.

"Where's that yellow retriever gone?" he shouted. "He jumped up on to the game-cart, picked up a cock pheasant and went off with it bold as brass."

THEN there is my Scottie, who thinks he is a shooting dog but is not. He has his own ideas about sport and, like most of his breed, is so convinced he is right that there can be no argument. Among other things he has such a flattering faith in my skill with the gun and the killing range of the weapon that he expects me to drop game at a 300yd. rise. Although he is far from being soft-mouthed he retrieves, and if one is quick enough it is just possible to get the game away from him by levering open his jaws. Another little point is that all this rationing business appears to have got him down so that he has an obsession for laying up a store of food for the morrow and in accordance with this idea buries in some immediately forgotten spot every bone he is given.

I took the gun out the other evening in a most optimistic mood to try for a rabbit, and much to my surprise shot one on my own threshold as it were. I dropped this over the wicket gate and went on to try to obtain a couple if possible. It was at this stage that the Scottie disappeared, to arrive breathless at the second report of the gun, which had accounted

for another of these extremely rare, and almost extinct, animals. On my return to the wicket gate the first rabbit had disappeared, for it had been hastily buried in some secret cache the whereabouts of which the Scottie refused to disclose. In ordinary times the story would be amusing—to-day it almost amounts to a tragedy.

OWNERSHIP of a pet dog when one is an exile in a comparatively lonely spot in the East has many disadvantages. There is the ever-present risk of rabies, fear of the prowling leopard by night, and always the worrying problem of what to do with the small adoring person when the time for leave at home comes round. The isolated life so many people are compelled to live causes the dog to become far more important than an animal should, and this is fair to neither the dog nor the human being when the question of parting arises. The selection of the right sort of obliging friend, who will look after the dog and endeavour to fill the blank caused in its life when we go on leave, is one of the problems that exercise our minds to the exclusion of everything else during the weeks prior to departure.

As an instance of this I heard the most amusing story of a dog-loving exile who was taking a winter visitor round Palestine to show her the recognised sights. The car in which they were travelling had just climbed the long rise that leads up from Affule, and there in front of them lay a small town of white, red-roofed buildings lying in a fold in the hills below.

"Look, Elspeth," said the dog-lover excitedly, "that's Nazareth, where Button stayed for three months last year when we were on leave."

MISS E. M. DELAFIELD once remarked that she had received a severe reprimand for using the word "Devonshire" and not "Devon." If she had desired to fight the case there would have been a very good precedent for the use of the suffix "shire," as the War Office calls the county regiment the Devonshire Regiment, and there is a Duke of Devonshire. There is on the other hand an Earl of Devon—a much older title.

The War Office in the past appears to have been prodigal with its "shires," as the Dorsets are to them the Dorsetshire Regiment, and the men of Wessex get just as incensed as those of Devon about the incorrect appellation of their county. The Militia battalion, however—a very old formation—never accepted the "shire" and persisted in calling itself the 3rd Dorset Regiment despite official disapproval.

WORKS OF ART AND WAR DAMAGE

INSURANCE FOR THE FURNITURE COLLECTOR

By R. W. SYMONDS

FOREWARNED is to be forearmed is a maxim that has special significance to the collector of old furniture in these days of Nazi aerial destruction. For it applies not only to the safeguarding of his treasures but also to the necessary steps to be taken for their adequate insurance under the Government War Damage Act, 1941.

Of these two matters, the first to be considered here is the effect of concussion and blast on furniture. The effect of a heavy bomb exploding near a house is to cause everything in that house to be lifted and dropped. This action—the extent of which is regulated necessarily by the nearness of the bomb and the weight of its explosion—damages and fractures furniture in several different ways.

EFFECTS OF CONCUSSION

For instance, cabriole-legged side-tables, particularly those with marble tops, are especially vulnerable to concussion of this kind. The shock to a table with a heavy marble slab hitting the ground after being shot probably eight or ten inches into the air by the explosion will cause the legs to fracture with the grain generally where it runs out in the curve of the leg just above the foot (*vide* Fig. 5). The straighter the curve the better the leg will stand up to the shock—for instance, no harm will come to the legs of a straight-legged table by this particular form of violence. The legs and the marble top suffer damage in inverse ratio to each other—when the legs withstand the shock and remain uninjured the greater is the impact to the marble and the greater damage does it suffer. And on the other hand, when the legs are fractured the marble often escapes injury owing to the collapsing of the table frame lessening the impact.

The effect on a tripod table being lifted and dropped will cause usually one of the legs—the one probably that touches the ground first—to break in two, the way of the grain, above the foot (*vide* Fig. 3). And the smaller and lighter the table the less likelihood of the leg breaking. Chairs with cabriole legs, owing to their lightness in weight, naturally do not suffer in the same manner as the cabriole-legged side-table loaded with its marble slab.

A noticeable feature of damage that is caused by concussion is that the wood always goes in the weakest place, which is by way of the grain, and where the grain is shortest, which is at the point where it runs out within the curve

of a leg. Soft woods like deal and beech suffer to a greater extent than hard and tougher woods such as mahogany, oak, and walnut. As an instance of this a gilt side-table with a deal frame is more likely to have all four legs fractured than a mahogany-framed table, to which the most usual casualty is one broken leg.

The violence of the treatment of being shot into the air and then dropped is not so damaging to case furniture, such as chests of drawers, bureaux, and bookcases—it may jar the joints of their carcasses but it does not break pieces off.

The effect of blast on furniture is entirely different from that of concussion. Tables and chairs, whose open frames are mostly formed of solid wood, suffer the least damage. Being thrown to the ground and having other things falling on them are the chief causes for the splitting and denting of table-tops and the smashing of arms and backs of chairs.

But blast plays special havoc on a piece that presents a large surface. On a chest of drawers, for instance, it will have the effect of forcing the drawers into the carcass. In the case of walnut and early mahogany pieces with the overlapping and moulded drawer front, the edges of the drawer fronts will be broken and splintered in lengths, especially at the ends (*vide* Fig. 8). A particularly curious feature of blast of this kind is that sometimes a drawer will be found lying on the ground in pieces, the front, sides and back having been forced apart at the dovetails. This may be caused by the blast hitting a drawer when it is open, thereby getting inside and blowing the drawer out of the carcass when it comes to pieces. The writer has noticed this phenomenon several times, and blast entering a slightly open drawer appears to be the only solution.

Doors of every kind, whether those of bookcases, cabinets, cupboards or clocks, that are left open or ajar are usually wrenched off at the hinges by blast. Blast also blows off small mouldings and forces in a panel that is not too securely fixed in its rabbet. It also causes a flight of dagger-shaped fragments of shattered window glass to bury themselves in the surface of a piece of furniture that stands opposite a window. Blast also causes the up-holstered backs of chairs and couches to be slashed and ripped open by flying fragments that it has picked up in its course.

Blast does many curious things to looking-glasses. In some cases the looking-glass plate

will have disappeared, leaving the frame intact; at other times a glass with two plates will have one broken in many pieces whereas the other still remains undamaged and perfect; and a looking-glass is sometimes found hanging on the wall unscathed and all around is havoc.

The frames of oval looking-glasses, prints or pictures will usually be severed at the top and bottom (when the oval is hung upright)—the weakest spot because here the grain is at its shortest.

Many strange things happen to table clocks when they come in the way of blast. On being swept on to the floor—the first effect of blast—the case, when of wood, will usually break into pieces, but the metal-built movement being of a stouter construction will hold together (*vide* Fig. 1). On one occasion the movement of a table clock in a ground-floor room disappeared after one of the walls had been blown out through a heavy bomb exploding 100 or more feet away. The fragments of the clock-case were picked up on the floor but there was no sign of the movement, until several days later it was found by workmen two storeys above in the gutter—the way of its flight is a mystery.

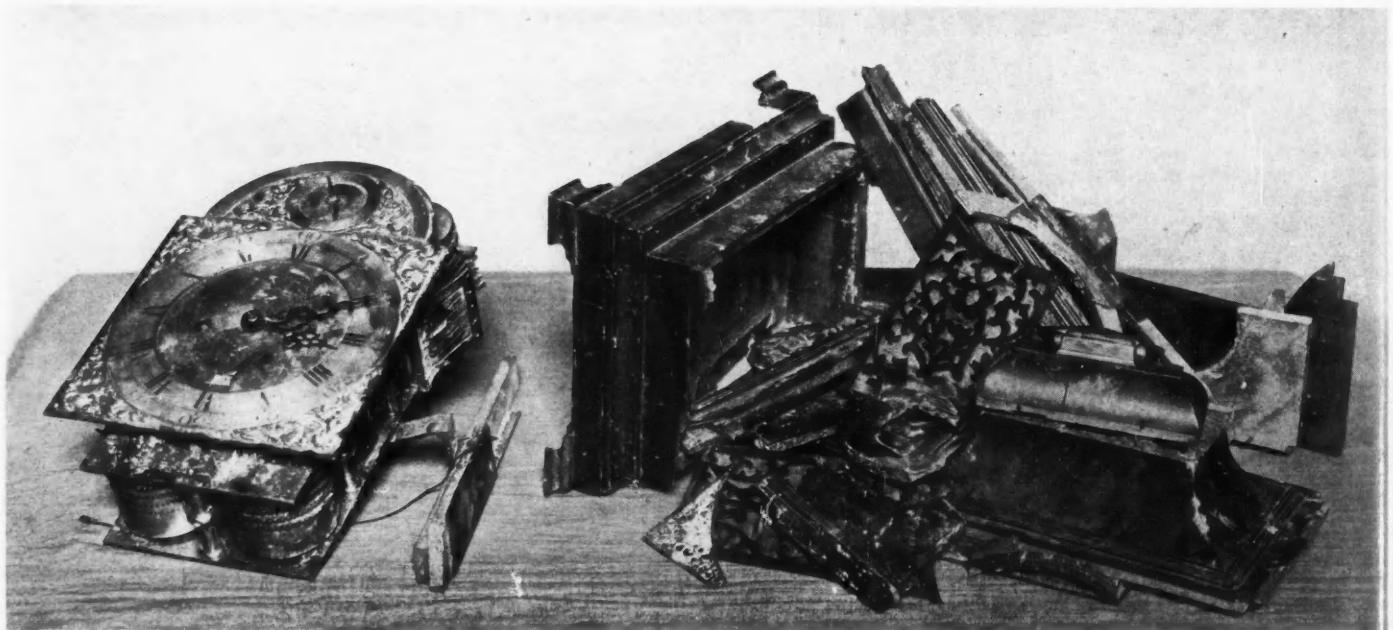
INSURANCE

To turn to the War Damage Act, 1941, the part of this Act that applies to the private owner of a collection of furniture and works of art is known as "the private chattels scheme." This scheme is not insurance in the generally accepted sense but a limited compensation.

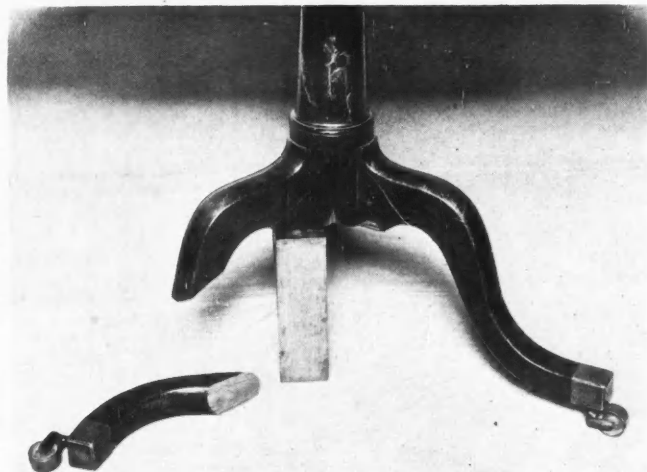
The limitations are several and varied. The total amount of the cover for compensation that can be held by any one person is £10,000, of which sum £2,000—or 20 per cent. of the total sum insured—covers articles which come in the class of works of art. The amount on which compensation is paid on any one article (and this includes works of art) is 5 per cent. of the sum insured; which means that under the Act the highest compensation paid for any one article is £500, *i.e.* 5 per cent. of the limit, £10,000.

Claims are not paid by the Government until after the war, but 2½ per cent. interest is allowed to accumulate with the debt from the date of the damage by enemy action.

To obtain the greatest protection under this Government scheme of compensation it is essential for a collector not to have furniture of the value of more than £10,000 (that is, if his collection is of a larger value than this amount) in any one place; since the Government policy covers the first loss wherever the furniture



1.—THE EFFECT OF BOMB BLAST ON A TABLE CLOCK



2 and 3.—LEGS OF A DUTCH WALNUT CANDLE-STAND (left) AND TRIPOD OF A MAHOGANY DINING-TABLE DAMAGED. The walnut, being worm-eaten, could not withstand the concussion from a bomb explosion; the mahogany is fractured where the grain is shortest

may be, and no average clause operates.

By dispersing the collection in lots of £10,000 he considerably reduces the risk of enemy action destroying more than this amount at any one time. But it is important when a part of the collection at one place is damaged or destroyed that the collector should lodge his claim for it immediately and at the same time apply for further cover—amounting to the value of the claim—so as again to bring his total cover up to the original amount. This procedure of obtaining further cover immediately is necessary in case he should suffer the misfortune of having a portion of his collection in another place destroyed on the top of the first damage and thereby be caught without sufficient cover.

The question of works of art is also important in this matter of distribution. First of all to consider the operation of the clause in the Act concerning works of art. The Act reads that the cover for "Valuables" which includes "Works of art, gold and silver plate, jewellery, precious and semi-precious stones, furs, objects of historical or scientific interest, small-scale models, curiosities, stamp collections, printed books more than fifty years old, manuscripts," is limited to "20 per cent. of the total sum covered by the policy," which, in the case of the limit of £10,000, is £2,000.

No old furniture is included in the class of works of art. It appears to have escaped this

fate by the authorities taking the point of view—and quite rightly so—that as old furniture is capable to-day of fulfilling the purpose for which it was made originally, it is therefore to be classified as a chattel. The same remark applies also to old clocks, barometers, and looking-glasses.

Articles that come under the definition of works of art are pictures of all kinds—engraved, etched, water-colour, oil, pastel, needlework—decorative porcelain, glass, bronzes and sculpture. About the special attributes, however, that have to be associated with these articles for them to be classified as works of art under the Act, even the Government valuers—at least those that the writer has met—are diffident in expressing a definite opinion.

A work of art would appear to be an object that possessed merit and thereby value because of the sensibility and skill of the artist or craftsman who produced it. This definition may not be sufficiently comprehensive, but at least it cuts away all the undergrowth formed by the work of commercial-minded artists and craftsmen.

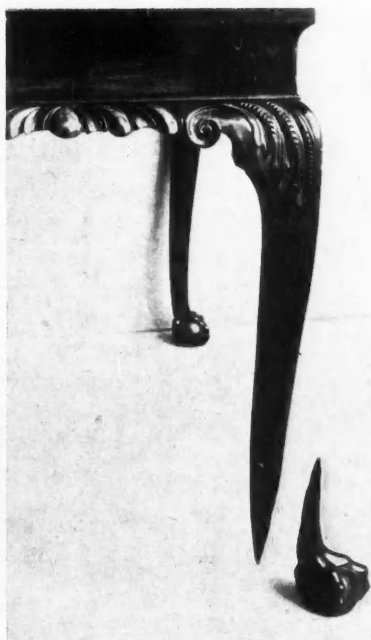
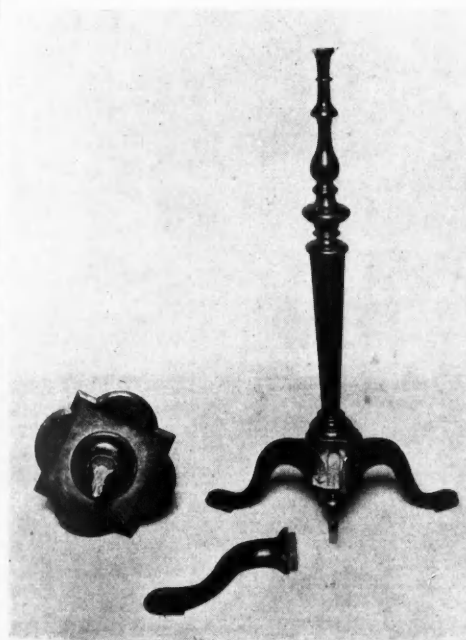
The Government by including "curiosities" under the heading "Valuables" has spread the net wide. In this term presumably is included all types of quaint objects which do not have a use to-day, and which fall below the dignity of being included among the works of art. As the limit of cover of "Valuables," whether in

the form of works of art, curiosities, old silver (as well as furs and jewellery), is £2,000, it is essential that all articles in this class should not exceed in any one place the value of £2,000, and if such articles are with the collection of furniture, the value of the latter must be reduced, so that the furniture and "Valuables" do not exceed the £10,000 limit.

So important to the collector is this question of distributing his furniture and works of art in different places that it would seem an admirable course for several collectors for the duration of the war to arrange together to house a portion of each other's collections; for in this way none of their houses would be denuded of furniture and their possessions would all be adequately covered—apart from the £500 limit for any one piece—by the Government insurance.

Another important safeguard that the collector must take is to employ a reputable firm of professional valuers who are cognisant of the value of old English furniture to make out a valued and detailed inventory of all the articles in his collection. It should be unnecessary to remind the collector that a copy of this inventory, together with the original receipted invoices if they exist—the latter in the eyes of the Government valuers are very important evidence—should be lodged at a different address than that of his home.

The Government valuers, in the case when a



4, 5 and 6.—SMASHED WALNUT CANDLE-STAND, MAHOGANY MARBLE-TOPPED SIDE-TABLE AND MAHOGANY FOLDING TABLE. The dovetailed joint of the candle-stand was its weakest part. The side-table was shot into the air, possibly 8ins. or 10ins., when a heavy bomb exploded outside the house



7.—A BROKEN MAHOGANY BASIN-STAND
Two of the supports are fractured at the weakest point across the grain where it is the shortest owing to the curved formation

house and its contents are destroyed and there is very little of the furniture left, have to rely on such evidence as is revealed by a valued inventory, the amount of cover of the collector's fire insurance in past years, original receipts, a probate valuation, and recent photographs of the rooms showing the furniture. If, however, the first-mentioned—a valued inventory—is in existence, made by a firm of valuers of repute, then the Government valuers will accept such valuation, that is if it represents the current values of the furniture, since it is on the value of the furniture at the date of the damage that the Government assesses the compensation.

In the case of modern furniture and other domestic chattels no compensation is allowed in the claim to cover the cost of the purchase tax, nor does the Government allow the claimant the cost of a valuer's fee for making out the claim, or any other expenses incurred in connection with it. Articles that may have been looted at the time of the damage cannot be included in the claim, since the Government's liability is limited under the Act to compensation for articles destroyed or damaged by enemy action.

Although the Government valuers will allow for a destroyed article the full value placed upon it by a licensed valuer of repute, they will not be so content to pass the amount claimed for an article which is only partly damaged and which can be inspected. This is because in such a case the question of assessing depreciation—always a difficult matter—arises.

For example, in the case of an old walnut arm-chair of the value of £100, one of the arms is broken and the top rail of the back is fractured. The cost of the repairs is perhaps £3, but the chair will be scarred by the fractured parts which will always be noticeable however skilfully they are repaired. If the chair was in a perfect state before the damage, depreciation should be assessed at least at £25 apart from the cost of repairs. If on the other hand the chair had not been in a perfect state but had numerous scars of old breakages then the depreciation could not exceed perhaps £8 to £10. Another cause for depreciation is that the frame of a chair after it has been broken will not be so strong as it was originally. This reason for depreciation should not be overlooked.

The highest rate of depreciation, however, is in the case of a chair, once in perfect state and worth £100, but now with the arm badly broken and a portion of it missing. In such a case the depreciation should be at least £50; for when a part of an old chair has to be renewed then the depreciation must be assessed at a far higher rate.

The loss of the original plate or plates to a

looking-glass is another cause for depreciation. It will range from high to low—from the mirror with elaborately wrought frame to the example with a glass-bordered frame. For the former will not be so affected by the loss of the old plate as the latter, for which depreciation can often be placed as high as 60 or 70 per cent. of its value.

In the settling of a claim this matter of agreeing the depreciation on old and valuable furniture with the Government valuer is not easy; since it is difficult for two people, both acting with different interests in view, to see eye to eye on so perplexing a matter as the gauging of depreciation. The collector should bear in mind the following three points: That the more perfect state the article was in before it was damaged the greater will be the depreciation. That a portion missing, such as the leg or arm of a chair, or a plate to a looking-glass, will cause the depreciation to mount steeply so as to adjust the fall in value. That the fracture of the frame of a chair or table in a vital part will permanently weaken the structure and for this depreciation should be claimed.

There are numerous points that the collector or his agent must know about in settling a claim. One is that he must allow salvage, but not on too generous a scale, for there are few buyers to-day of furniture which is so badly damaged that it is beyond repair. The collector should obtain the full compensation for articles whose value when repaired will only be worth the cost of repairs. He should also not forget that the

value the Government recognises for compensation is the retail value, not that of the auction-room or the trading value between dealers. Here again difficulty may arise as to what is a fair retail value; it should be based, the writer considers, on not less than 33 per cent. above the auction price, which must be taken as the dealer's value.

Lastly, there is no question of the collector having no alternative but to accept the valuation put on an article by the Government valuer if he feels it is too low. In such cases of non-agreement the Government valuer applies to a panel composed of people who have a more specialised knowledge than the usual valuers in the Government employ. The collector also has the right to call in anybody with expert knowledge to meet and argue the point with the Government specialist. This method of treating difficulties that may arise in the settlement of claims leads to a fair compromise and the satisfaction of both parties.

In assessing the value of old furniture both the collector and the Government valuer would do well to remember that the article of good design and fine craftsmanship, and in perfect state, is on a different plane as regards value, from the piece of poor design, of poor craftsmanship, and in poor state. This is because the former has its value sustained—even in war-time—by the competition of many buyers, while the value of the latter falls lower and lower until at last it attracts a buyer because of its very cheapness as a piece of furniture.



8.—BLAST EFFECT ON A VIRGINIA WALNUT CHEST. The overlapping edges of the drawer fronts were broken away when the drawers were forced into the carcass

MINNIE:

A BROWN OWL

WE found Minnie in a beech wood, looking for all the world like a huge white puff-ball as she sat on the dry, crinkly leaves. Her weak, red-lidded eyes, common to young brown owls, suggested that she had been bewailing her plight, for she was lost, deserted, or mislaid without a doubt.

There was no sign of a nest—no rabbit burrow or hollow tree near that might have been her home. She looked forlorn and helpless, like some queer changeling waiting for the wood gnomes to carry her away.

I picked her up and slipped her into my coat pocket, where she kicked for a minute or two and then lay still. For many days after that she sat on my table in an open box, content to sit and doze or preen with closed eyes the tiny brown feathers sprouting through her down. When she was hungry she stepped out of her box and asked for food in a wheezy voice; replenished, she returned to her former position and was no more trouble. But as the days passed she grew larger and stronger, and soon it became a decided nuisance to have an owl bundling on to one's shoulder, upsetting ink-pots and leaving queer little footmarks on clean drawing paper.

Being used to liberty, she would not tolerate a cage for long, so she was given a room to herself complete with boughs, a shelf where she could hide grisly relics, and a piece of sheepskin with which she liked to play.

By now she had grown into a really beautiful bird. Her rather melancholy dark eyes were most expressive, and her tawny colouring, with its tiger stripes on the breast, and the round disc of the face, over which grew small curled feathers, firm and cool like the petals of a chrysanthemum flower, was delightful.

She loved being petted, and like many of the larger birds was able to express her own affection in many small ways. She would roll her soft head in the palm of my hand, and open the fingers with a strong curved beak, or perched on my shoulder, gently nibble my hair and face. At first she seemed unaware that her formidable talons were unpleasantly sharp, and, to ease the painful pressure of them on my skin, I lifted them one by one. Apparently she soon realised why I did this, and for the rest of her life, whenever she sat on my hand or arm, kept them stretched out, and if, as sometimes happened, she lost her balance, she opened her wings and regained it that way, never by tightening her claws.

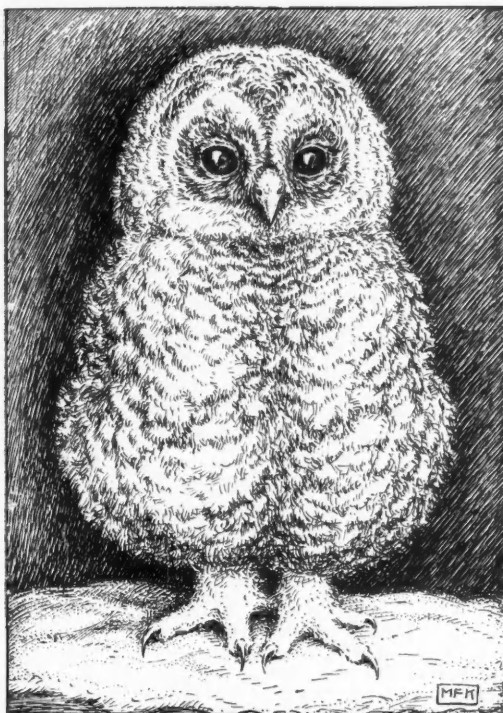
She would eat almost anything; if mice and meat were not forthcoming, scraps and bits of cooked cabbage, carrots and potatoes were bolted without reluctance.

Live mice were sometimes sent to her, and I found it preferable to let Minnie kill them herself. Brown owls do not play with and torture their kill. The sweep forward is beautiful and swift, the outstretched talons merciful in their terrible grip.

Minnie, like a cat, did not easily forget an injury, or what she assumed to be one. One day she was seen to eat her food in a clumsy fashion. For some time her beak had been growing longer and more curved, and now it had reached the point when feeding became difficult.

It so happened that the family doctor was in the house that morning, and, having enquired after Minnie and been told of her plight, volunteered to do the necessary operation.

One of my brothers wrapped the protesting bird in a cloth, and her beak was quickly and skilfully trimmed. Never had I seen her so angry. Looking twice her natural



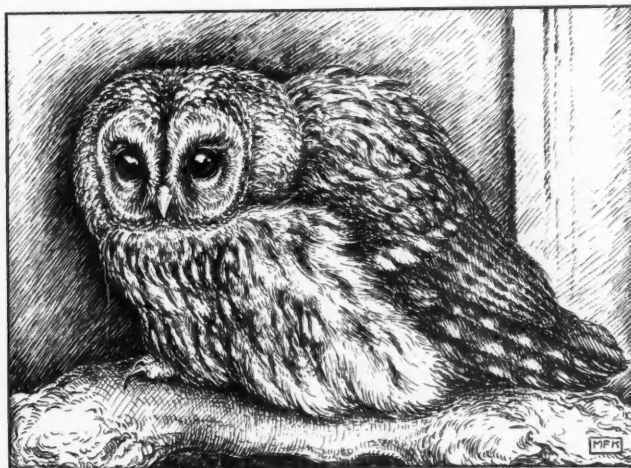
AFTER A MEAL MINNIE WAS NO MORE TROUBLE

size she flew round the room when she was released, hooting with fury, and finding nothing on which to vent her outraged feelings (to be on the safe side I was watching her through the window) attacked the sheepskin rug and tore a part of it to shreds. Eventually she became calm, but she never forgot the incident, and the sight of a man or boy through the window would send her flopping and hooting round the room with temper.

FATE OF AN EGG

We had kept Minnie for about three years when she surprised herself by laying an egg. I found her gazing at it one morning with keen interest, now and then moving the fair object with her beak.

As it seemed to amuse her, I did not remove it. She bent her round head and stared and stared as if it were some mystery that might be solved with hard thinking. One day it was missing. Looking round, I discovered a few bits of shell on the floor. Minnie, sitting in a gloomy corner of the room, wore a most mediumistic expression. She was squinting steadily at a ray of sunshine as if in a self-induced trance. I stepped close to her and examined her stiff grey moustache, and Minnie, as if she wished



MINNIE CALM AGAIN AFTER HER BURST OF FURY

Written and Illustrated
by
M. FORSTER KNIGHT

to hide her guilty secret, turned her head and wiped her yolk-stained beak and whiskery face on the sheepskin.

After that she did the disappearing trick. One Saturday night I went to feed her and found her gone. A little fresh soot about the fireplace suggested that she had explored the chimney and was probably still in it.

We called into the draughty darkness and out of the window, but there was no answering hoot or shadow of brown wings. For my part I felt convinced that she was still in the chimney, and every morning and evening I looked into the room and called her.

At last, on a Monday (the ninth day from her disappearance), I went in as usual and found a dreadful object, black with soot, lying with outstretched wings on the hearth.

It was a shock to pick her up, for there was little left of poor Minnie but beak and claws. She scarcely breathed, and her once bright eyes were sunk far into her head. I gave her a few drops of milk and water, and when she was a little stronger tiny pieces of shredded meat. No one expected her to recover, and it was really remarkable how soon she regained her strength.

In two days she was sitting up quite well. The soot proved a great trial; many birds would have died under its depressing influence, but Minnie was a stout-hearted creature.

She watched my efforts to help her with tolerance and then cocked an eye at her bath. I filled it up, and a day or two later she stepped in and had a tremendous splash; a large pool spread quickly round her, and the walls were smeared as her wings sent the water flying. She didn't look much cleaner when she came out, though she seemed to feel better for the plunge, and every day after that Minnie bathed and preened herself, until at last she looked, as a little boy said, "brand new."

Her effort to climb the chimney made me think she might want her liberty, and it was suggested that she should be taken far off into the fields. I disliked the idea, for I had released tame partridges in that way previously, and the repeated calls of my favourite bird the same evening and the next day in a cornfield and on a hillside are still an unpleasant memory. Minnie should have a chance to come back if she wished, so towards sunset I pushed her out of the window and saw her fly into a tree in the next garden.

It so happened that Sixpence the robin and Mr. Chips the sparrow had not quite settled down for the night. They had plenty to say about Minnie's appearance, and though she sat close to the trunk and drew herself up—tightening her feathers so that she looked for all the world like a piece of old bark—they hounded her until she could stand it no longer, and brushing through the crowd of birds which had collected, she sailed back on to her window sill, and tumbled over to her sheepskin as a child, fearing bogies, might jump into bed.

A few days later she was released a second time and came back again, and because I really wanted to keep her, I did not give her a third chance; and Minnie, judging by her contented ways, did not care two hoots about her liberty, and amused herself on sunny afternoons by sitting on the window sill, looking sardonically through half-closed eyes at the noisy mob of birds outside, as if speculating which was the plumper of the two most daring ones—Sixpence or Mr. Chips.

BILL WYATT: BUILDER OF BOATS

By J. WENTWORTH DAY

HE sat on the stern of a grey-painted dinghy, tipped sideways in the mud, his old pipe glowing, his blue eyes humorously remembering. The peak of his yachting cap cut a sharp shadow in the bright autumn sun across his brown face, finely seamed. Pipe ash suddenly fluttered on to the pointed white beard that has kept his throat warm against 40 winters of North Sea gales. It sprayed the salt-stained reefer jacket as he took the pipe deliberately from his mouth, stuffed it into a pocket, reached down to the basket at his feet, and scooped out a Pyefleet oyster. Out came his shut-knife. The oyster was opened with one quick scoop. He held it out, grinning.

"Hev one! Fust o' the season. But come off o' that hoss and set here aside me. Yewd look better in yar owd duck punt what I built, than yew dew on that damn great thing. 'Sides, he've splattered me wi' mud a'ready."

Behind him, bright in the sun like twin swords, two creeks, the Ray and Thornfleet, glittered broadly far into the salt marshes, dreaming in the autumn sun. The tide brimmed in slowly. The muds, opalescent, were lively with redshank, musical with curlew. Gulls quarrelled. A party of oxbirds flashed by low on the water and turned suddenly like falling shillings. A mile ahead a carrion crow croaked death-like in the twisted thorn trees of Ray Island, the haunted place. On that bleak sea island no man dare build a house for fear of the ghost of the Roman centurion who walks at night in the full moon, his footsteps ringing. But you see no body, human or astral. There is only the terrifying ring of soldierly feet across the marsh, then round you in a narrowing circle.

Behind us, the red roofs, the spars and masts, the grey church tower and the tall trees of Mersea Island cut a tumbled skyline against the North Sea blue.

Captain Bill Wyatt, 76-year-old shipwright, descendant of Elizabethan shipwrights, is "Admiral" of West Mersea. Long, long ago, generations of villagers now old men, of fishermen lost at sea, of Edwardian yachtsmen who sailed these waters when the gaff-topsail was the last word in rig, acknowledged him in that nebulous office.

His quarter-deck is his own boatyard. His ships are the 120 yachts, converted smacks, dinghies, one-designs, duck punts and odd off-casts from other yacht yards and forgotten designs which clutter up his mud berths. His crew are 70-year-old Brother Frank, who has seen the world, for he was once in John Brown's yard and then in a mine-sweeper; two nephews who are riggers; an odd, shifting pay-roll of sail-makers, carpenters, painters and the like. In peace-time the "Admiral" paid 20 hands a week.

His little ships have sailed half the seven seas—"Right acrost to Halifax, Nova Scotia, up the Dutch canals and down the French waterways to the Mediterranean." Bill Wyatt is known in most waters where yachtsmen sail.

"My grandfather had a 36-ton cutter-rigged fish carrier named *The Nancy*, close on 60ft. over all," he said. "He used to go up north to Scotland in her, takin' his wife, and a goat for milk, fish them waters for a month, packin' the fish in ice, and then bring 'em south to Billin'sgate. He used to go to Jersey in old Boney's time and drudge their oysters up right under the Frenchys' noses and bring 'em back to Marsea. But they ain't so good as ourn."

"He married a Miss Witty, daughter of a ship- and smack-builder here. But we Wyatts really come from Bucklershard, down on the Beaulieu River in Hampshire, where we was shipwrights tew hunderd and fifty years afore that. Right back in old Queen Lizzie's day when they built the big 'uns that hammered they Spaniards."

"He built a smack called the *Saucy Jack* when he took over the Witty's business here, and another called the *Thomas*. Buth on 'em lasted a hunderd years. A good smack will; so will a barge."

"I've sailed in the old *Unity*, built by Bob Aldous of Brightlingsea, in every Marsea regatta for fifty years. We won a lot of prizes and she's seventy-seven year owd."

"Ha! But the best little boat I ever built was the *Marsea Hard*, 16ft., sloop-rigged, handy as a kitten."

"I used her in the last war for carting canvas from here to Tollesbury. A ton at a time, tew hunderd pounds wuth. That blew suffin' tempesty, times, but we never lorst a reel o' cotton."

Bill's shipyard in peace would provide the yachtsman with anything from a new mast to a keel, from a coat of paint to an anchor chain. But his speciality was wildfowl punts. A practical gunner himself, William has built punts for wildfowlers on the Solway, the Wash, Milford Haven, the Suffolk rivers and the Shannon. Few men in England know better that ancient and ticklish craft. As we talked Charlie Stoker, the veteran of the Mersea flats, passed with a hail. He is out most nights under the moon in the punt which William built for him thirty years ago.

The Wyatt staff is as individual and unique as its "Admiral." Listen to William's brief biographies:

"Owd Bob South, my rigger, he's sixty-six, yit he's bin acrost the Pond three times arter the America's Cup. He was seventeen summers with Sycamore in different yachts. When the last war bruk out, Bob an' they wuz half way acrost the Pond. But they dodged they owd Jarmans so they den't git copped."

"Jim Mussett was with me too arter he'd been in the *Endeavour*, paintin' and riggin'. They had a rare tew-dew comin' acrost the Pond when the tow-rope broke."



D. Went

GENERATIONS OF VILLAGERS HAVE ACKNOWLEDGED HIM AS THE "ADMIRAL"

He has sailed in every Mersea Regatta for 50 years



THE "ADMIRAL'S" QUARTER-DECK IS HIS OWN BOATYARD

Bill Wyatt, now 76, is known in most waters where yachtsmen sail

"My pore clerk, what kept the accounts, he's jist been blowed up in a mine-sweeper, pore chap. We lorst another Marsea man, an' a Tollesbury chap, an' a D'Arcy boy, an' a man from Wigborough, all at one go only last week off on the Main (North Sea)."

A grey mullet jumped noisily up Thornfleet. The "Admiral" turned his head slowly, gazed up the shining waterway where a heron stood, grey and delicate, on the mud.

"Thirty-six year ago I hed the biggest thrill o' my life, up there. A shoal o' porpoises come up one mornin', 'bout ten o' the clock, half-flood. They goo right up Thornfleet, forty or fifty on 'em, pitchin' and divin', fat as pigs, throschin' the water like young whales.

"Away goo the landlord of the Owd Victory, named Trim, an' a man named Jennings, in a boat with a double-barrelled gun. They frightened them porpoises by shuttin' at 'em so as they kept 'em up there.

"Cum on, boy, we're agoin' after them porpoises," I says to my nevvay. Away we goo in my punt, rowin' like one-o'clock.

"We gits up the hid o' the crick an' there they wuz, fifty o' the davils, rollin' about like pigs in five foot o' water, bleatin' out like rabbits. One big owd feller keeps whiskin' his tail up outer the water. So over-board I goes, up to me showders, and took two half-hitches round his tail quick as light. T'other end o' the rope was fast to the bows of my punt.

"Blarst, boy! Round flew that owd porpoise quick as light. He towed us down

the crick at a good four knots. I thought we should swamp. Suddenly up the crick comes four more porpoises from the sea, roarin' up like a lot o' davils. They wuz jumpin' a good twenty foot in the air—hit the water like a barn a-fallin' down. I thought they wuz going to jump on me an' flatten us out.

"As soon as Wyatt's porpoise seed these four he whipped round and roared up the crick at a good eight knots. My nevvay was that scared I hed to cut the tow, put him ashore, and thin I rowed orf after my porpoise agin."

"I got in all among 'em, seed his owd tail

flick up wi' yards o' my tow-line on it. So oover I jumps and made it fast agin!

"Whitey Mussett he'd rowed up by this time and he hitches his punt on as well. 'Tween us we got that owd porpoise down tew the Hard, we got a drag rope on it, wi' twenty or thirty fishin' chaps haulin' on it, and pulled him out on the mud. Fourteen foot long. Weighed a ton. People all down for days garpin' at him. Like a regatta.

"My nevvay said to me only the other day: 'How about another porpoise, Uncle Bill?'

"'I'm ready, boy,' I says. 'Let's goo.'"

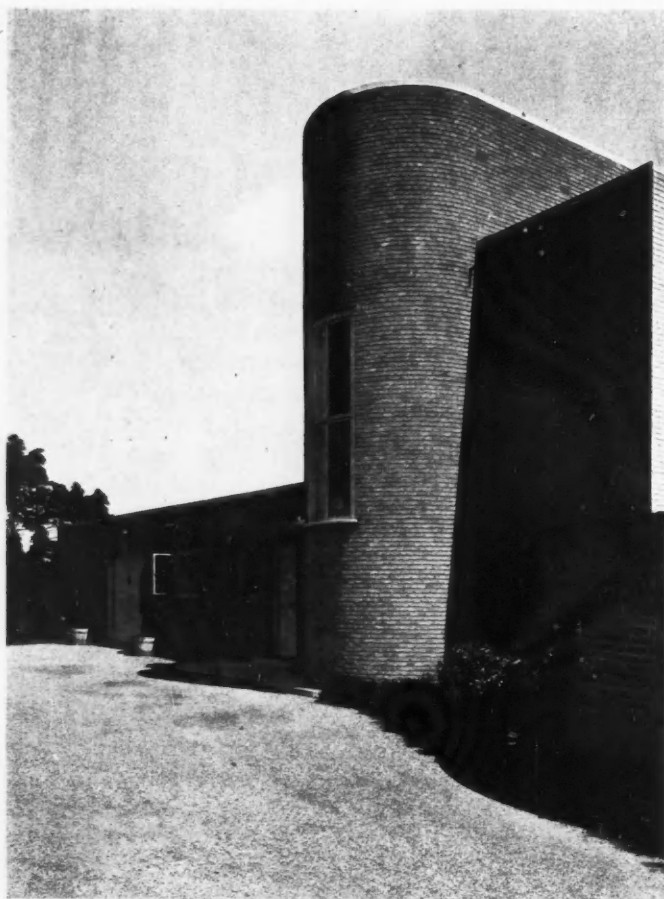


(Above) DESCENDANT OF A LINE OF SHIPWRIGHTS DATING FROM ELIZABETHAN DAYS

(Left) A PRACTICAL GUNNER AS WELL AS A SHIPWRIGHT
In peace-time his speciality was building wildfowl punts



1.—IN A WOODLAND SETTING. THE HOUSE SEEN FROM THE BERKSHIRE CLUB-HOUSE



2.—STAIRCASE AND FRONT DOOR, WITH GARAGE BEYOND

It is sometimes said unkindly of architects that they learn at their clients' expense. It should follow that, having so profited, they then build a masterpiece at their own. When we reflect how rarely this is so, we may suspect there is a fallacy somewhere. Either the client doesn't pay, or, if the architect does learn, he doesn't apply his experience to practising for himself what he preaches to others.

However that may be, Mr. Francis Lorne is evidently an exception. Several large undertakings by the firm of Sir John Burnet, Tait and Lorne have from time to time been illustrated in these pages: the Royal Masonic Hospital at Ravenscourt Park; the Anglo-American Corporation Building, Johannesburg; the St. Dunstan's Home, Rottingdean; and there is the great Government offices building on Calton Hill, Edinburgh. All these, in their different ways, are very notable contemporary buildings evincing a great deal of preliminary thought given effect with sensitive artistry. They are buildings of real integrity, thoroughly worked

BUTTERSTEEP HOUSE

On "being oneself" in architecture. A modern house, designed for himself by a well-known architect, on a virgin forest site.

out according to matured convictions, among which the æsthetic element undeniably takes a high place but is fused with the technical and theoretical. In short, they are good modern architecture. So it is interesting to discover how so conscientious a thinker as Mr. Lorne conceives a home for himself.

Several considerations, among which easily accessible isolation was one of the most important, led to a site among the fir-planted sandy wastes in the Bagshot region, actually between Swinley and Berkshire Golf Clubs. This had the advantage of providing a roughly matured setting yet of such a kind that imposed no particular conditions upon the building. Incidentally, the silvery, lime-free, sandy soil afforded opportunities for shrub and herbaceous gardening along lines which it is interesting to see developed in relation to a modern building.

The site, then, was a negative factor in the evolution of the design, but for that very reason left the designer free to be true to his standard of values. A few years ago Mr. Lorne gave an address to the Northern Architectural Association on this very theme, suggesting the standard of values that we should, and to some extent do, aim at in life to-day, and which architecture must reflect if it is to have integrity, to be genuine. Inevitably these standards change; some things important yesterday cut no ice to-day; and things important now were non-existent then. "We need, and have needed for some time, something of a standard of essential values as a goal for our time; but the general public must have it before we get it for architecture, since architecture can only advance as far as the public can be persuaded to advance." Architects can, however, he maintained, habituate the public to re-orientate its values, and he put forward four points as essential "to better-mannered action for our time":

- (1) Being ourselves, and therefore being original.
- (2) Being simple, and therefore poised and quiet.
- (3) Being *chic*, and therefore distinguished.
- (4) Being co-operative, and therefore serviceable.

In elaborating these ideals, he instanced the designers of aeroplanes, women's dresses, and men's clothes as "making things from their very foundations, not simply resurfacing the old; in other words, being themselves, and therefore original." An obstacle to simplicity was a loss of grip on essentials through not being ourselves: "nothing blunts the essentials like insincerity." The quality of *chic*-ness he defined as easy, natural elegance, with the functional efficiency of engineering but the attractive qualities of art; a fusion of art and science that cannot be taught but, if you have the gift, may come with maturity. His ideal of co-operation he illustrated by saying that civilisation and business had hitherto been primarily a means of money-making to provide the few with the amenities of life. It had not made life in general more beautiful or raised the standard of living.

All this, of course, was said before the war, which certainly seems to be helping us to realise and simplify ourselves, and to be imposing salutary resolves of co-operation with our fellows. Mr. Lorne's quality of *chic*-ness, of course, is a colloquial way of expressing



SCOT, BERKSHIRE

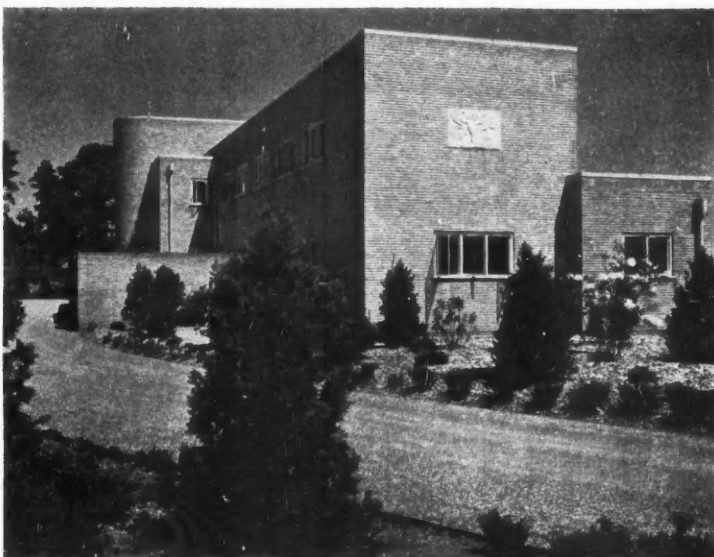
THE RESIDENCE OF MR. FRANCIS LORNE

the aesthetic problem confronting every age: of evolving distinguished forms from the technical means available. In that sense, the Parthenon, Chartres cathedral, and St. Paul's were *chic* in their day. But they are also something more, and that something more is what the artist alone could give them. Still, as a practical aim for everyday architecture, of the kind that gave our towns their Georgian houses and Regency terraces and will be called upon to create the streets of post-war cities, *chic*-ness is a sound ideal which, taken in conjunction with the other three, does afford a serviceable standard of values that answers to the needs and spirit of our time.

It is well illustrated by this house. Compared to the traditional type-form, it at first sight appears arbitrarily eccentric. But when this standard of values is applied to the process of which it is the result, it will be found to have the integrity of good architecture in whatever period.

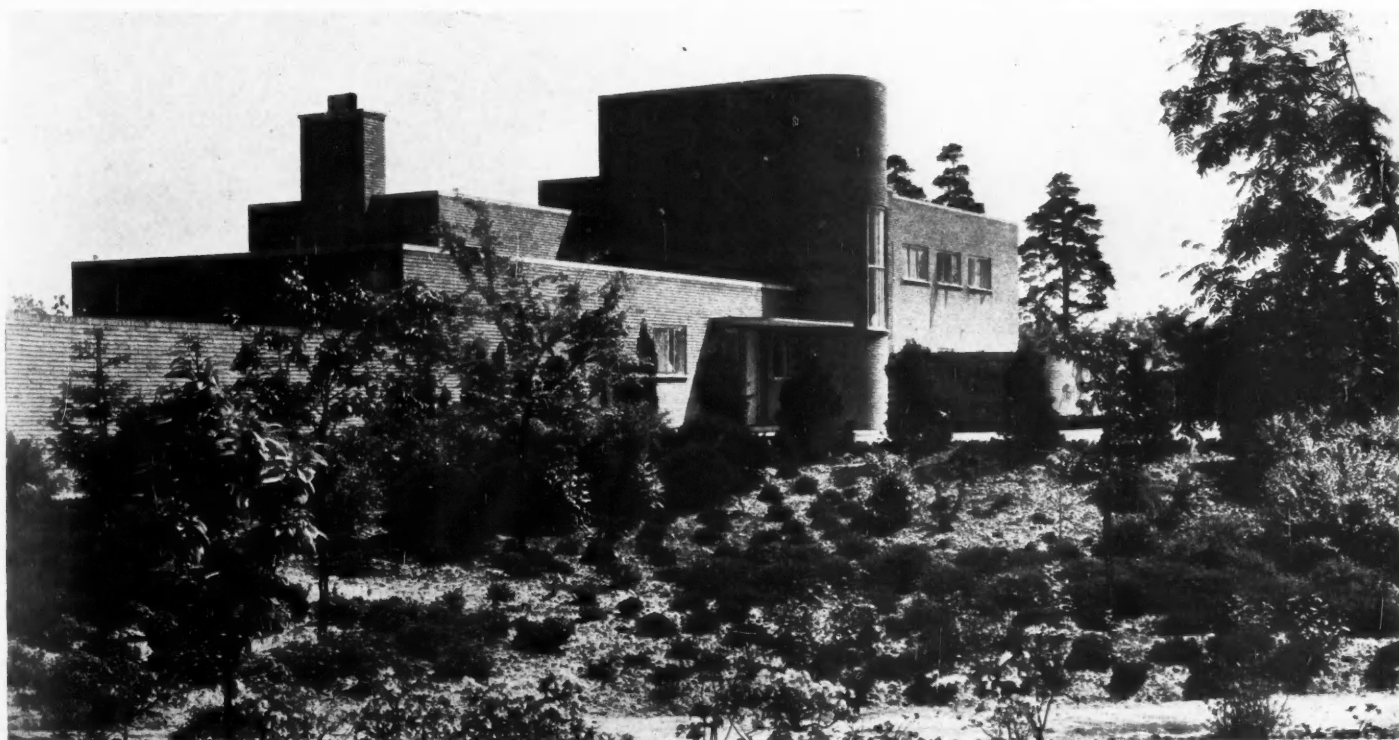
The main difference from the traditional type is the use of a flat roof. A pitched roof, for long the only practical method

3.—The living-room, with its big window looking down a broad grass path between borders, is large in proportion to the rest of the house



4.—APPROACH VIEW

The plaque above the window carved by W. Aumonier.



5.—HEATHS, AZALEAS AND CHERRIES IN THE DELL BELOW THE ENTRANCE



6.—THE LIVING-ROOM TERRACE AND THE BROAD WALK

of roofing, is so no longer, and consequently the ground plan of a house is no longer subject to the need for compactness imposed for the sake of economical and effective roof-construction. A flat roof, then, frees us "to be ourselves, to be original" (if we want to be). Rooms can be put together in any relationship that is desired. A glance at the plan will show that no great liberties have been desired. The front hall has the garage on one side, communicating through a wash-place; a staircase on the other with communication through to the service regions; and the main living-room in front of it, looking south down the garden. Between living-room and offices is a compact dining-room. The rest of the ground floor is entirely devoted to the servants' quarters, including their bedrooms. The master's and guests' bedrooms, four in number with baths, are aligned along the upper floor. There are no rooms over the living-room, which is of greater height, though there is opportunity for the addition of a few further rooms over the hall and garage. This plan is a simple and straightforward one, since the planning of an easily run house is simple enough if we are free to be ourselves. It is when it all has to be squeezed into a space dictated by other considerations that it becomes difficult.

In giving this plan a third dimension the second of Mr. Lorne's points comes in. The freedom gained for originality by using a flat roof can obviously develop into licence unless there is self-discipline: simplicity of taste, poise. The elevations of this house can be said to owe much to a nice sense of poise, for they are not symmetrical and therefore must owe their balance to this quality. In the plan a dominant feature is the staircase, which also has the water storage tank above it. In elevation this feature assumes the importance that the hearth held in traditional design, appropriately in each case; then the smoke, and here the staircase, rises, and its channel forms the chief vertical feature in the design. Outward expression of the staircase has not been a characteristic of domestic architecture since Jacobean times. The Palladian front, derived from single-storey temples, could not admit its existence any more than could the balanced fenestration of the Wren type of house, while Victorian architects only expressed the staircase if they were designing in the Jacobethan manner or building workmen's flats. Yet "being ourselves" would seem to require the chief channel of

vertical movement in a house to be expressed in its design. Some contemporary architects go so far as to display the actual movement of the inmates, by glazing the whole staircase feature—not that human beings are seen in a particularly graceful poise when walking upstairs. Mr. Lorne, who qualifies poise and simplicity with a third, quiet, very properly cloaks these skippings or weary staggerings in decent brickwork, using the curved upright feature to mark the transition from the single- to the two-storey half of the design. It is actually in about the middle of its front, but this is not readily seen in elevation, so that it appears always as a book-like buttress in perspective with adjoining ranges (Figs. 4 and 5).

The quality that Mr. Lorne calls *chicness*—that distinction attainable by using simple materials rightly—is seen best, perhaps, in this design, in the surfacing of the

walls with golden yellow Dutch bricks from the Nymegen district, of much the same colour as the sandy soil. Nothing has been of worse service to the cause of the new freedom in architecture than the simultaneous vogue for a glaring white surface, which seemed to have originated in the *chicness* of everything that reminded one (however unpleasantly) of the French Riviera. An even white surface emphasises the angularity of this style of design, unrelieved as it is by a pitched roof or any enrichment, and its break with traditional usage. It is possible to be honest without being loud, as Mr. Lorne is careful to insist by coupling quietness with simplicity, and as the softening texture of his brickwork shows in relation to his quiet, simple masses. A small but important feature of the walling here is its stone coping, with a waterproof course sandwiched beneath. Many modern architects, in their first free careless rapture, have forgotten that wall parapets must in all cases be furnished with an efficient damp-course.

The "co-operation and serviceableness," which is Mr. Lorne's fourth rule of conduct, does not enter so closely as the others into the design of an isolated building. But under this heading certainly comes the relation of a building to its setting, as does the aptitude of a style of design for use in settings where his other points need to be subordinated to this one, such as a street. To take this second alternative, the analogy of the garden front here, and to some extent the approach view (Fig. 4), to a terrace of Regency houses suggests the pleasing street effects obtainable with this style if handled with equal care. Much of the offensiveness of pre-war town building was due to the ignoring of the full meaning of originality and simplicity, and the misunderstanding of *chicness*. If all the service flats erected since 1930 were as serviceable and co-operative to their neighbourhood as they doubtless are to their inmates, we should by now have a fine town architecture.

In this bit of heathland the principle of co-operation is demonstrated by the



7.—THE GROUND AND FIRST FLOOR PLANS



8.—THE STAIRCASE
Compact and streamlined



9.—THE LARGE LIVING-ROOM HAS A COFFERED CEILING ACCENTUATING ITS SPACIOUSNESS. Old and new furnishings equally at home

evident importance accorded to the garden, which has been won from virgin scrub. The site is more or less surrounded by conifer plantations, but a group of hardwoods faces the south front and has been joined to it by a broad grass path from the terrace (Figs. 3 and 6). Most of the views expressed on gardening in relation to modern architecture have encouraged extreme informality of lay-out. It is interesting therefore to find Mr. Lorne embarking on borders and cypress walls punctuated by tall cypresses quite in the grand manner. The borders are of satisfying depth, enabling successions of large clumps of flowers to carry on the display throughout the season. Away from the broad walk, a great deal of planting of flowering trees and shrubs, especially rhododendrons, has been done, with under-planting of heaths, berberis, and clothing plants. In a dell on the north side (Fig. 5), where there is a background of woodland beyond, azaleas and cherries are promising remarkably well and there is already a fine display of brooms. In a few years the sandy soil will be a blaze of heaths and, such is the influence of habit, somebody

will be doing a water-colour sketch of the house with this foreground, of which people will say "How picturesque, how English!" There will be no thatch, no half-timbering, yet they will be quite right.

A more immediate pleasure is provided by a swimming-pool adjoining the house, sheltered by walls on east, north and west, and not overlooked from the house: the three chief considerations in the siting of a swimming-pool.

Perhaps the most illuminating comment to be made on the inside of the house is its aptitude for furnishing with possessions that are personal to its owner and therefore, as is the case with most of us, of various periods and styles. It might be thought that "being ourselves, being original" involves possessing nothing that is not new. That may be true of some, but one notices that even they admit to some affinity with a Han pot or a Benin bronze. But most of us, with less exotic ancestry, can trace a few generations of respectability, and, even if not encumbered with family pictures, take some interest in periods more sane and gracious than our own.

Indeed it is hard to see how one can wholly express one's being without some reference to the ages of which one is the product. And even the most contemporary of us may ourselves become antiques (with luck), so it seems desirable that our houses should not date us too rigidly. In one respect, it must be admitted, this house is already out of date: the big window of the living-room giving on to the terrace is rather too large for comfort when things may go bump in the night. All its middle has therefore temporarily been boarded up, which accounts for the half-drawn-curtain effect in Fig. 9 and the lack of any reference in this article to the delightful view from the front door, through hall and living-room, down the broad grass walk.

The following collaborators in the building have earned record: General contractors, James Longley and Co., Crawley; plumbing, Matthew Hall and Co.; electric installation, Troughton and Young; metal windows, Henry Hope and Sons. Assistance with the garden was given by Mr. J. B. Stevenson and Captain R. C. Jenkinson. CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



10.—ENTRY HALL. THE STAIRCASE ARCH REFLECTED IN THE MIRROR



11.—MRS. LORNE'S BEDROOM
In pastel shades given by the Marie Laurencin paintings

PAUL NASH: SURREALISM IN LANDSCAPE

By E. H. RAMSDEN



IN the contemplation of a landscape or anything that evokes an emotional response there is always a residue; some quality of feeling that remains unidentified and cannot be directly attributed to the images involved.

It is upon this over-plus, whereby a certain glory is shed upon the face of the common world, that the value of any profound experience of this kind depends. It is for this reason, also, that the beautiful has been described as belonging to "the order of transcendentals"; for whether it is realised in nature, in poetry, in painting or in any other of the arts, the cumulative effect is the same, though it evades definition and cannot by any process of analysis be resolved. The advance in every case is therefore from the known to the unknown, from the perceived to the imagined, or, as Browning puts it in respect of the musician:

And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.

1.—EVENT
ON THE
DOWNS.
1935.
Mrs.
Charles
Neilson
Collection

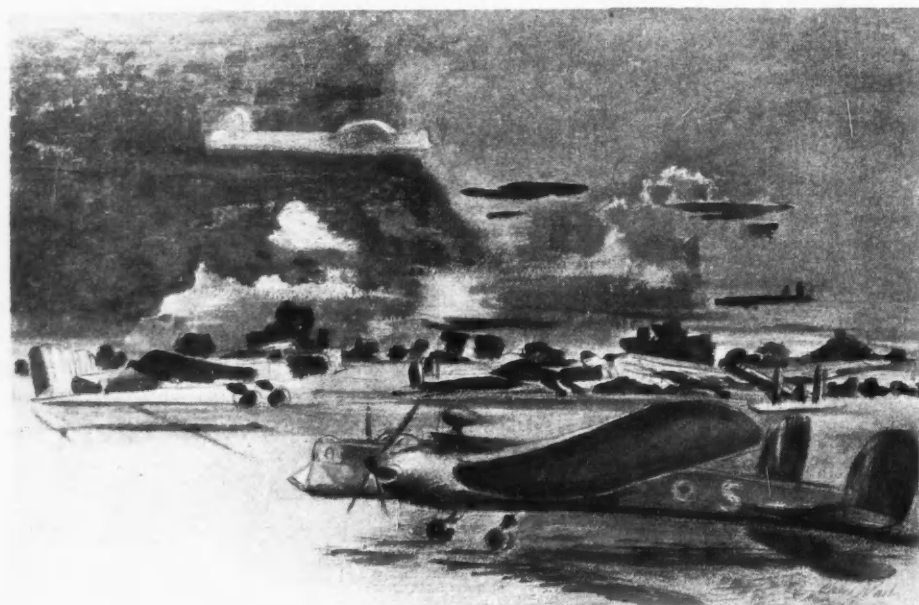
In other words, neither in the contemplation of nature nor in the enjoyment of the arts is the content exhausted by what is "given," since what is "said" is almost invariably less important than what is implied.

From this it follows that every sensible impression is inevitably bound up with others, which, together, form the ground of a connected experience, the complex character of which renders it less and less amenable to logical processes as time goes on. Consequently, surrealism, which is but an attempt to express the synthesis thereby achieved in an appreciable form, must, necessarily, include many elements that are, according to existing standards, irrational. But, while a composition is not on this account psychologically less interesting, it may or may not be artistically valueless. A recognition of these facts is fundamental to an understanding of surrealism.

Unfortunately, however, the movement has come to be associated with an exhibitionism of the worst kind. For it is obvious that the attempt to project the images belonging to the subconscious levels of experience affords an opportunity for the introduction of much that is, to say the least of it, irrelevant, an opportunity of which surrealists, partly from desperation and partly from bravado, were not slow to take advantage, despite the fact that their intransigence in this respect served only to obscure the fundamental importance of their aims.

To extravagances of this kind Paul Nash has never subscribed. For, although he has been accepted by the surrealists, he has remained outside the movement in so far as a rigid conformity to any "ism" is concerned. It does not follow, however, that his sympathies are opposed to the trend of its development, only that, as a painter, he has sought to express an individual point of view that happens to coincide with that of a recognised group, by whose views, as set forth in their manifestos, he has never been dominated. But the fact that he has come naturally to the use of an idiom already current in the intellectual world makes his work both more interesting and more convincing than it would have been, had he deliberately adopted a method of expression that may easily be simulated, but can only be valid to the extent to which it represents an instinct.

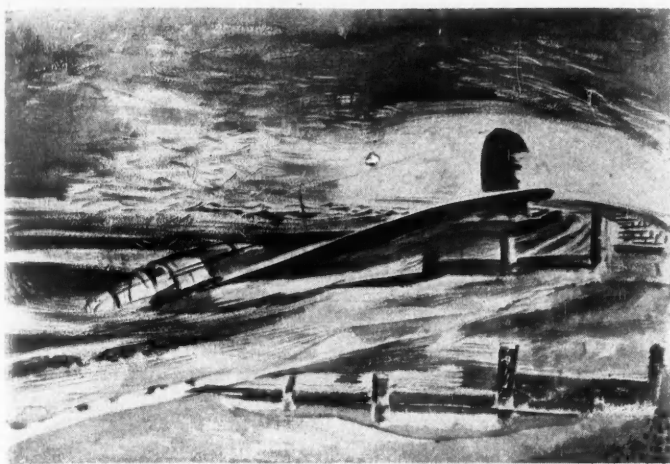
It appears, then, that in breaking away from a purely traditional treatment of landscape and in introducing a surrealist interest, Paul Nash has been amply justified, since by a subtle fusion of ideas and by the superposition of one image upon another he has been able to convey the quality of a mood and the expression of a feeling that could be realised in no other way. For the aim of art is no longer to reproduce or to represent nature, but to render in equivalent terms the "emotional content" of experience. Thus, without the introduction of motifs that at first sight may appear to be unrelated to their context, such for instance as the tree stump and the tennis ball in *Event on the Downs* (Fig. 1), the scene would not only be incomplete, it would be meaningless; because, in fact, it would cease to express the imaginative "event"



2.—WHITLEYS AT PLAY. 1940. By permission of the Ministry of Information



(Left) 3.—EMPTY ROOM. 1937.
Mrs. Bluett Duncan Collection



4.—DEAD MARCH: DYMCHURCH. 1940
By permission of the Ministry of Information

which is the sole preoccupation of the painter and that alone by which he is justified. In this case, moreover, the particular "focus" of the tree-stump gives to the scene a certain immediacy which provides a sharp contrast to the nostalgic distance of the cliffs, while the juxtaposition of the tennis ball, which like a miniature world repeats on its surface the contour of the road, gives to the composition as a whole a balance that is as vital as it is exact. But though the painting is based on natural and clearly defined objects, everything contributes to prove that it is not the painting of a landscape as such that concerns the artist, but the transcription of a mood, which is something far subtler and more difficult to accomplish, since it requires at one and the same time a high degree of imagination and an intuitive faculty that is rigorously controlled.

Something of the same mood, a mood in which laughter and a certain foreboding are combined, prevails again in *Whitleys at Play* (Fig. 2), which recalls an earlier phase of Paul Nash's work, when his interest in monoliths and tree forms was almost entirely animistic and when he regarded even "nests of wild stones" as having a being and an individuality of their own. Fantastic as such a notion may be from the unimaginative standpoint of everyday life, it is not difficult to understand when expressed in the form of a fairy-tale, the language of which may easily correspond more nearly to what is felt than any precise description of a logical world. And that Paul Nash has something of a child's enjoyment in machines is no less evident in the title, *Whitleys at Play*, than in the dragon-fly-like appearance of the bomber in the foreground. This rendering, moreover, contrasts with the forceful effects achieved in other studies, in which the 'planes have an exhilarating sense of power and of speed, though only and always when, like fabulous birds of prey, they are conceived and imagined to be one with the elements in which they move.

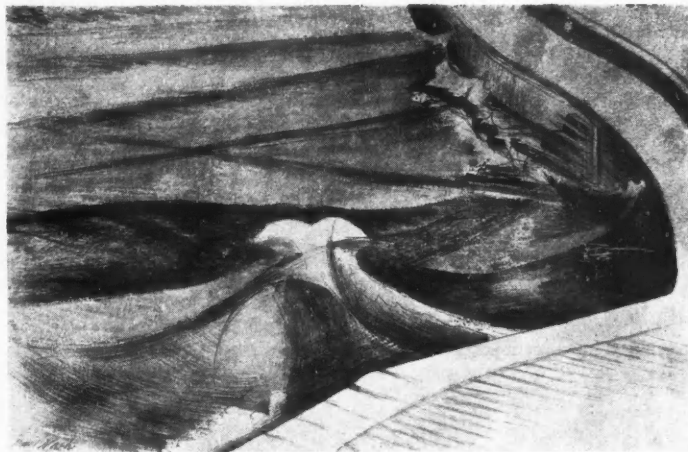
There is, however, nothing intrinsically artistic in such a conception, though it may be applied with considerable artistic effect, as in this instance, where a more complete unity is achieved between the 'planes, the fields and the sky by treating every element of the composition as if it were "animated" in essentially the same way.

Yet fine in many ways as this phase of his development as a painter may be, it corresponds creatively rather to the world of the fantastic than to the pure realms of lyrical poetry. But that this comparison should be drawn would be a tribute to Mr. Nash, even if he had not from time to time attained the higher level. This variation, however, is only to be expected. For, if the analogy holds and Shelley is right in saying that the poet is a nightingale who sits in darkness and sings to cheer his own solitude, then it also follows that the occasions must be rare and the singing intermittent.

But even apart from his choice of titles and the kind of books he has illustrated, as for instance Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn Burial*, it is clear that the source of his inspiration is

essentially poetic, which is the more interesting inasmuch as it is probably only in terms of poetry that surrealism can be understood. To suppose, then, that there is any essential difference between a surrealist painting as perfect as *Empty Room* (Fig. 3), with its pale, evanescent colour, and a poem belonging to the same level of achievement would be to mistake the nature of both, since they belong, the one no less than the other, to a world of dreams and recollected grandeurs in which every limitation is absorbed and every argument transcended.

The achievement of a unity as complete in its own way, both from an aesthetic and from a technical point of view, is seen again in



5.—TIDE. 1935
Mrs. Bluett Duncan Collection

the magnificent sweep of *Dead March: Dymchurch* (Fig. 4), though here it is surcharged with a visible music and a rhythm that is almost elemental. But if the rendering of the quintessence of such a movement is the end to be attained, then its supreme expression must be acknowledged in the flowing waters of *Tide* (Fig. 5), which is surrealist by perspective and feeling no less than by the "seized" moment of its form and by the fact that it is not a naturalistic but a lemon-coloured sea.

Thus it becomes apparent that whenever the word surrealist is used with reference to Paul Nash it must always be understood in a poetic sense. In this lies his unique contribution to the movement.

RE-ENTER BOBBY

By BERNARD DARWIN

A KIND, anonymous friend in the United States, whom I hereby thank, has lately sent me two numbers of *The Professional Golfer of America*, from the pages of which, moreover, there fell out several cuttings from daily papers. The intelligence contained in these journals is not, strictly speaking, new, but a great deal of it is quite new to me, and since we naturally read but little now of American golf, and since I kept my weather eye open for any little paragraphs about it, I may hope that what is fresh to me is fresh to most other golfers as well. So here goes, and if big tournaments and big crowds must needs seem to us a little dim and strange, I hope they may be none the less interesting.

That which gave me personally by far the greatest thrill was the account of Bobby Jones, now dubbed "the old-timer," coming for one day right back into the limelight. I believe, from what I have heard, that Bobby can in a private game play just about as well as ever he did, and indeed why should he not? He will not be 40 until next March, and 39 is not so desperately old. Still, as he himself always said, golf is one thing and competitive golf quite another. For some time past he has made but a single public appearance in each year, in the Masters' Tournament at Augusta, and there, with the cares of a host upon his shoulders in addition to the inevitable strain of a come-back, he has done himself no kind of justice. The particular match in which he has shown much more than a glimpse of his old powers was played at Detroit for the benefit of the United Service Organisation and produced some 25,000 dollars in gate-money.

The match was a two-day one by foursomes and singles. On one side was the last Ryder Cup team chosen in America (for the match which could not be played) with Walter Hagen as its non-playing captain. On the other was a team of professional challengers, with the great amateur, Bobby, to lead it. Golfers arise quickly in America and quickly decline. Here I fancy players attain their zenith more slowly

and then stay there a little longer. However that may be, I think that on my own limited knowledge and perhaps from a conservative preference for old acquaintances I should have been disposed to back the challengers. In fact, and no doubt more by luck than judgment, I should have been right, for they won in the end by two points. Here for those who like names and details are the two sides. Ryder Cup team: Ghezzi, Byron Nelson, Snead, Runyan, Guldahl, Picard, Horton Smith, Metz, McSpaden, Hines. Challengers: Craig Wood, Hogan, Lawson Little, Demaret, Sarazen, Bobby Jones, Heafner, Dudley, Shute, Bulla.

The foursomes really were foursomes. I had taken them to be four-balls, but I see they are described as "two-ball matches," and so presume they were the real thing. Bobby played with another comparative veteran Gene Sarazen, and they had a bad time, being beaten by 8 and 6 by Byron Nelson and McSpaden who, so I read, "fired sizzling golf" at them. At the end of the first day the Ryder Cup side led by one point and, with the singles to come, the sanguine Hagen declared that "it was in the bag."

Bobby had been disappointing, and there seems to have been much betting that Henry Picard would beat him. No doubt Picard's backers thought that their money was also in the bag, for at the end of the first nine holes their man was four up. He began by winning the first two holes, holing a longish putt on each green, and was three up at the fourth. Bobby then got one back, but Picard promptly "birdied" (the verb is not mine) twice running; he was four up on the seventh and still at the ninth, and then the tide turned and the fun really began. It seems that just when he ought to have rubbed it in Picard faltered a little and took 39—three over par—to come home. Bobby won the tenth, twelfth and fourteenth and finally the eighteenth and squared the match, each being round in 73.

Bobby took the lead for the first time at the second hole in the afternoon, and, as I

should judge, never again looked like losing it. He was three up at the seventh and two up at the turn, and he was now playing with all the old steadiness that had once made Mr. O. B. Keeler write his famous sentence: "They wound up the mechanical man of golf yesterday and sent him clicking round the East Lake course." Five perfect holes running did Picard play, and five halves were all he got for his pains. Then with a hole under par he got one back and was down to one with three to go, but Bobby won the sixteenth and halved the seventeenth, and that was that. He is described as beaming after the match, and I have no doubt he did; I certainly beamed in reading about it.

Only Guldahl, who beat Sarazen, Metz and Hines won their singles for the Ryder Cup side: Lawson Little and Snead halved a tremendous battle, in which both seem to have been round under 70 in both rounds, and all the five other challengers won their matches. Incidentally this was the first time that a chosen American Ryder Cup team has ever been beaten on its native soil.

Now to one or two odds and ends of other news. I am not sure when the competition for the Vardon Trophy, which is given to the professional with the best total of points in all tournaments, comes to an end; but in the

October number of the *Professional Golfer* Hogan was still leading with an average of 70.25 for 81 rounds as against Snead with 71 for 74 rounds. What desperate work it does sound, just a fraction over 70 for 81 mortal rounds. Hogan, whom we have never seen here, must be a mighty player, for he won this same Vardon Trophy last year too. Moreover, he is, I believe, quite small and light, with no great physical advantage of any kind. Perhaps the most impressive testimony to his brilliant steadiness is this, that in 56 consecutive tournaments he finished "in the money." Only in the fifty-seventh did a fatal last round of 77 put him out of the prize list. When we remember that most of the best professionals in America go on a regular circuit of tournaments, that the field is therefore always or nearly always a very, very strong one, we can appreciate the accuracy and staying power that such an achievement means. On Hogan seems to have descended the mantle of Harry Cooper, who, though he never quite succeeded in being Open Champion, was for several years the most successful player in point of prize money.

Unfortunately, the cuttings which were sent me stop short after the first round of the Amateur Championship which was, as we know,

won, for the second time in three years, by Marvin Ward, a member of the last Walker Cup side. That first round, however, produced more than the usual crop of surprises and several players who are well known here bit the dust. Richard Chapman, last year's Champion, went down with a crash before an "unknown" from Oregon to the tune of 5 and 4. Once upon a time Johnny Goodman jumped into fame in this first round by beating the then almost invincible Bobby. Now it was his turn and at his own Omaha to make the name of a young gentleman from Texas called Riegel. Another Riegel beat a young golfer of 18 of whom much was apparently expected, Mario Gonzalez, the champion of Brazil.

Johnny Fisher lost to Alexander, who had won the qualifying competition, and finally our old friend and ex-champion Charlie Yates, who now appears as Private Yates, was beaten by a certain Steve Kovach described as a "little Pittsburgh steel mill worker." Altogether there was a terrible lopping off of illustrious heads. It was the old story of "the man who keeps a sweetie shop in Leith" who once beat Mr. Laidlay and so became immortal. That first round is always a nasty fence, and to-day there are so many metaphorical sweetie-shop keepers who are very, very good golfers.

CHEAP FOOD AND PROSPERITY

THE Minister of Agriculture's recent pronouncements on the future of British agriculture, and in particular on food prices after the war, have been widely discussed, not only by farmers but also by economists. He has naturally been bitterly attacked by the Free Trade Press. *The Economist* in particular severely criticised him in its issue of November 29 for congratulating the representatives of the trade unions on abandoning the cry of cheap food, and at least implied by its criticisms that a large agriculture is a luxury this country cannot afford. Lord de la Warr replied to this attack, contending that *The Economist's* arguments were based on nine false assumptions, which he particularised. To each of these *The Economist* published a rejoinder in its issue of December 13. All the points raised in these two able articles cannot be discussed here, but a few of them especially call for comment and clarification.

SECURITY IN WAR-TIME

In the last year more land has been under cultivation in these islands than at any time since 1870; fields that for years have yielded little or nothing have borne fair crops and promise to do better in subsequent years; farm workers, for the first time, have a reasonable wage and farmers have something on the credit side of their balance sheets. Will this prosperity survive the war? *The Economist* considers that it can do so only if the State is prepared to provide subsidies to the tune of about £200,000,000 a year, and it queries the justification for this. Lord de la Warr does not question this figure, but merely points out that agriculture is not the only industry unable to exist without assistance. The agriculturist will, not unnaturally, consider that war-time prosperity should continue in days of peace, but subsidies of any size can be justified only if they benefit the community as a whole, and agriculturists form only a small part of the population. What would the country gain from a prosperous peace-time agriculture?

One of the usual answers is that it would gain greater security in time of war, but *The Economist* argues that this can be better achieved in other ways. Security, it maintains, is more effectively and cheaply assured by a reserve of shipping and large stocks of food.* Is this

true? How much shipping? How large stocks? And for how long a war? In the 1930's our rivers contained many tons of laid-up shipping; apparently we then had a reserve, but now shipping is one of our serious bottle-necks. As we know to our cost, ships can be sunk and stocks of food burnt, but fertile land is an unfailing supply of food. What advantage do we gain by subsidising the building of ships in peace-time, or the construction of bomb-proof food stores, rather than keeping our land in good condition? With our small acreage we can never be self-sufficient in food supplies, but have we any right to ask our merchantmen to take risks to bring us food that could have been produced at home? Such food, however, cannot be produced at a moment's notice on derelict land.

THE MAN-POWER PROBLEM

The Economist states that man-power, not food, is the limiting factor in our war effort, and that to grow food at home requires more labour than to import from overseas. This may be true during peace, but is it true now? Ships have to be built and their lives may be short, while journeys in convoy are particularly wasteful in man-power. Less man-power would be needed to produce food at home if agriculture had been prosperous before the war. Land in good condition yields large crops with the minimum of labour, whereas derelict land needs maximum working and can then give only a poor return. It is possible that with the money spent on the sugar-beet subsidy, sufficient sugar could have been bought in the world market and stored to last us for several years. But we should now be without the hundreds of thousands of acres of fertile land that this subsidy kept in cultivation. As a measure of war-time security a prosperous peace-time agriculture is worth much of the country's money. Expenditure on this has many advantages over other defence measures; it makes some return in peace-time, and a fertile land is an armament that will never be found to be obsolete at the outbreak of war.

We hope there will come a time when preparation for, or precautions against, war will no longer be a necessity. Could subsidies for agriculture be justified then? Presumably expenditure on fighting forces at such a happy time would be minimal, and money spent on these would be available for other things. What could be better for the nation as a whole than to spend some of this in improving its health? Before the war the consumption of milk, eggs, vegetables and fruit of half the population was below that regarded as minimal for health. For obvious reasons, such foods are better produced at home than overseas, but to sell them at a price that all can afford might

need State assistance. No doubt this would be regarded as a subsidy to agriculture, but the reduction in ill-health that might be expected to accrue from such a policy would be a handsome dividend.

IS A SUBSIDY NECESSARY?

Once agriculture has been put on its feet, however, it is questionable whether subsidies of the size postulated would be necessary to keep it prosperous. *The Economist* considers that greater efficiency in farming can result only from some undisclosed magic. But anyone with any practical knowledge of farming is fully aware that this view is fallacious. Before the war, when agriculture was far from prosperous, some farmers did well though their neighbours did badly. In industry this would be accepted as evidence of differing efficiencies. Why not in agriculture too? The causes of inefficiency are many: too small farms; too small fields; too little capital to buy modern equipment or sufficient manure; fluctuating prices; too big a risk for banks to be willing to loan to agriculturists as to industrialists; too little knowledge of plant diseases and pests—these are but a few. A period of prosperity during the war may do something to relieve these difficulties, but only State assistance can remove them. Their removal would lead to greater output per man and per acre, and to a prosperous agriculture. It would be one of the type indicated by *The Economist*—relatively small numbers employed but each highly productive, for only in this way can wage rates in agriculture be kept comparable with those in other industries. We have no room in this country for a large peasant population, even if we wanted it. *The Economist* postulates only two possibilities for our agriculture: "high wages and high prices for a limited volume of production, or less wages and high prices for a larger volume of production." There is a third, however, and that is high wages and low prices for a large volume of production. Only this is real efficiency, and this should be the goal of any agricultural policy.

THE QUESTION OF IMPORTS

This might not appeal to *The Economist*, as it considers that a greater home production inevitably leads to lower imports, which would have serious repercussions on our export trade. Even if this is true, is it as serious as *The Economist* suggests? Is £50,000,000 or £100,000,000 spent on food produced at home going to have no effect on other home industries? What do overseas farmers do with the money that so stimulates our other industries, that our own farmers could not do? But is it necessarily true? If agriculture is regarded as corn growing and food as bread, it probably is; but corn is also a raw product readily converted

* In *Notes of the Week*, almost contiguous with this argument, it is to be noted that *The Economist* states that as a result of the war in the Pacific "it may well be impossible to continue to import food at the level of recent months." Without some faith in our own agricultural industry, such a statement might well be regarded as "spreading gloom and despondency"!

into other commodities such as eggs and bacon. Our greater production of food at home now is in fact a result of substituting bread and potatoes for other foods; but do we like it? And even if the market for bread was saturated before the war, few people would maintain that the whole population had all the eggs and bacon it needed.

The same is true of other countries, even of those which export food. This export is, in the main, cereals, and it has been done cheaply at the expense of soil fertility. Already erosion of large parts of the world has resulted from the policy. When the populations of these exporting countries demand and get a varied and better diet, and the dust-bowl has grown even larger or been stopped only by expensive measures, cheap food may not be so easily come by as in the last 20 years. Then we should indeed be in a sorry plight unless the fertility of our own land had been kept at a high level.

THE FIRST CLAIM

The *Economist* complains that there is "too much vague romantic flubdub in discussions on agriculture policy. It is time to count the

brass tacks." It is indisputable that talk about "ways of life," "contact with nature" and so on is too often advanced as a reason for subsidising agriculture, especially as the speed with which many farm workers have been leaving the land shows that under pre-war conditions, and at pre-war rates of pay, it was not the way of life they wanted. An industry should be able to stand on its own feet or it should fall. While other industries are subsidised, however, agriculture should not be expected to survive on its own. Indeed, it probably has a claim before any other industry: we can survive without cars, wireless sets and the other products of modern industries, but we cannot survive without food. Also factories and mines are at the best ephemeral things, whereas the soil remains our only permanent asset. If we regard the land as an insurance against war or other economic change that might seriously affect our food imports, as guardians for posterity of this asset we should do everything possible to keep it in good condition.

In doing this, however, it is essential, as The *Economist* states, that the price of food shall not be raised. The primary aim of agri-

culture must obviously be to produce food and not to put excessive profits in the farmer's pockets. Only by supplying food at prices the public can afford can the people be adequately fed. If this cannot be done directly, then the difference must be met by direct taxation and not by price raising. Some such system is now adopted by the Ministry of Food, and its continuance after the war, in close co-operation with the Ministry of Agriculture, would do much to see that the crops most needed are those grown at home, and that the producer gets a reasonable return while the consumer gets an adequate diet at a price within his reach. Only by such methods will it be possible to ensure that subsidies are not used to bolster up inefficient methods, that the land is farmed well and the people fed well. If this costs as much as £200,000,000 a year it will be a pity, but nevertheless worth while: the figure looks less formidable if expressed as 3d. per head of the population per day. If this improves the health of the people it is a cheap price to pay—probably little more than many now spend in attempts to cure conditions brought about by inadequate diets. RUSTIC.

CORRESPONDENCE

A PICTURE TO BE IDENTIFIED

From Major Sir John Prestige.

SIR,—I should be very grateful if through the medium of your columns you could assist me to discover the identity of the children depicted in the picture a photograph of which I am sending you, and also the identity of the artist. The picture is attractive in composition, execution and colour. It measures 5ft. 2ins. high by 5ft. 6ins. wide. I cannot decipher what appears to be a signature, but the date of the painting is to be seen in the centre of the group *An Dmi*, 1647, and also the ages of the children, namely the girl *AE Suae* 7, and boy *AE Suae* 10. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the picture is the fact that the girl is wearing on her breast, tied with a red bow and attached to a pin, a memorial medal and ring of

the usual type used to signify loyalty to Charles I.—JOHN PRESTIGE, *Bourne Park, Bishopsbourne, Canterbury.*

HELP FOR RUSSIAN WAR HORSES

From Sir Robert Gower, M.P.

SIR,—In spite of mechanisation thousands of horses are being used by our Russian Allies. It is impossible to give exact figures, but some idea of the number involved may be gauged by the fact that when war began Poland's horse population was 5,000,000 and in total war all forms of transport are brought into service. Russia is many times larger than Poland. British Press correspondents in Russia constantly refer to "horse-drawn supply trains consisting of wagons or sleighs and tens of thousands of cavalry."

The R.S.P.C.A. has received,

through the British Government, from the Soviet Union a first request for £40,000 worth of veterinary supplies for Army horses and we desire to raise £100,000 to meet this and subsequent requirements.

The R.S.P.C.A. is to the horse in war what the Red Cross is to the soldier. May I beg space for generous help from your readers for these animals? Any donation will be gratefully acknowledged through our War Animals (Allies) Fund.—ROBERT GOWER, *Chairman, R.S.P.C.A., 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.*

TURN OUT YOUR PAPER

AN APPEAL TO SCHOOLS AND LIBRARIES

SIR,—Now that the Christmas holidays are bringing a temporary lull in the to and fro of school life, I wonder whether it would be unkind to suggest that if heads and staffs could spare a little time for the purpose of looking it out, they would be likely in many cases to find a good quantity of paper available for salvage. Nothing wears out more quickly—or is more useless when it becomes tattered and unbound—than a text-book, and an estimate, however generous, of the number required for next year's classes would probably show that in those of every subject a great many of the more battered books could very readily be spared. Also in every school library, and, for the matter of that, in libraries in hospitals and similar institutions, also in lending libraries run for profit, there must be a vast number of books that are never asked for, which take up space on the shelves and do not pay their way. I venture to suggest that the books whose records prove them to be dead should be sent at once to salvage, and would, with all due diffidence, commend

the suggestion to the notice of lending libraries carried on for profit, large and small.—OLD SUBSCRIBER, *Kingston Hill, Surrey.*

MUSIC AND WALLPAPER

SIR,—Seeing my niece's music and songs littering the piano the other day, I thought of all those cabinets, music-stools and cupboards in the average Victorian home that would have provided such a wonderful collection of salvage to the conscientious householder of to-day. Doubtless many of those old songs, piano solos and duets have long since been relegated to the limbo of things forgotten, but even to-day many children learn to play the piano, and the pleasant recreation of singing with piano accompaniment is still enjoyed and encouraged in many homes. The printed score of musical compositions soon gets dog-eared and torn when constantly in use, and often the pages come apart and have to be repaired with adhesive tape. Why not go through all the old songs and music and sort out and send for salvage all that are not now used? Another source of salvage I have discovered is a goodly number of small left-over rolls of wallpaper, which a previous owner had stored away at the top of the linen cupboard, thinking, I suppose, that they might "come in handy" for mending torn places. No torn places have occurred, and these rolls have been duly delivered to the waste-collector.—J. ROSE, *Sudbury Hill, Middlesex.*

DISAPPEARING ROOKS

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE for October 31 it is suggested that the disappearance of rooks may be due to not shooting the young birds. I doubt if this can be the cause, and suggest that it may rather be due to something wrong with the rookery trees.

In my old home in Ireland for certainly over 80 years there has been a rookery which always has its birds every year and they have never been shot except in one year about 20 years ago when some friends came and shot the young birds. The result was that they very nearly departed for good and all! This is quite opposite in theory to Miss Mayo's suggestion. I know of many rookeries both in Ireland and England where the rooks are never shot. Rooks will, however, sometimes leave a rookery if disease has attacked the trees and made the branches unsafe for the nests.—H. RAIT KERR, *Farnborough, Hampshire.*

[We agree with our correspondent and think it more likely unsafe trees were the cause of the rooks departing than the absence of shooting. Shooting, however necessary, would not be likely to encourage the rooks.—ED.]



WHOSE CHILDREN AND PAINTED BY WHAT ARTIST?

(See letter "A Picture to be Identified")



AN EARLY THRESHING MACHINE
(See letter "An Old Agricultural Implement")

AN OLD AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT

SIR,—Here is an early agricultural implement which may be worth illustrating. It was seen at work a few years ago on a farm in North Carmarthenshire. It was being used as a chaff-cutter, but the farmer, who had not much English, told us that it was also a threshing-machine. As will be seen, three horses could be harnessed to its poles: on the iron basket in the middle sits a boy to guide them. It was also said that the machine was portable enough to be taken by wagon to other farms, if needed. Its date appears to be about 1840.—M. JONES, Cardiff.

CHRISTMAS CARD FROM A PRISONER OF WAR IN GERMANY

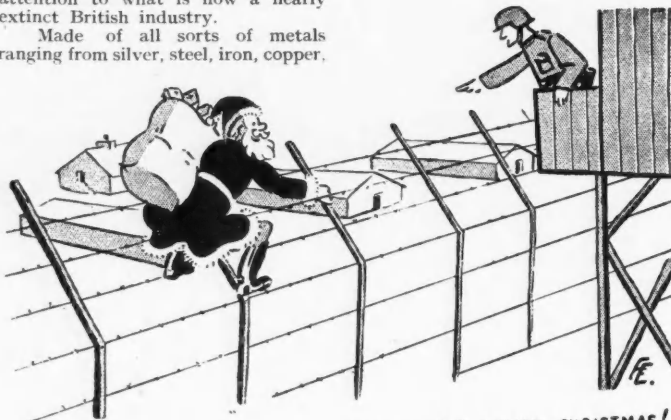
SIR,—I think this Christmas card may interest your readers whose thoughts must very often during the time of Christmas have turned to the soldiers, sailors and airmen who, having fought for their country, are now enduring the cruel monotony of

imprisonment. Whatever home-sickness, anxiety and impatient longing for freedom may torment them, they are still fighting a very personal battle, keeping a good front in the face of the enemy, as this card received in London just before Christmas will prove.—M. E. ROBINSON, Putney, S.W.

A RELIC OF COCK-FIGHTING

SIR,—A letter and a photograph, which appeared in a recent issue of your paper under the above heading, were of interest in that they drew attention to what is now a nearly extinct British industry.

Made of all sorts of metals ranging from silver, steel, iron, copper,



BUT I ASSURE YOU, MY DEAR CHAP — I REALLY AM FATHER CHRISTMAS!
FATHER CHRISTMAS GETS INTO THE PRISON CAMPS IN GERMANY

(See letter "Christmas Card from a Prisoner of War in Germany")

brass and bronze, the artificial cockspur dates back to the days of the Greeks and the Romans, but, extraordinary to relate, the first record of an English maker concerns an Edward Clay, who was born, so it is said, in Norwich somewhere about 1662, and with his son became famous as the manufacturer of silver cock-spurs.

Following him in the silver-spur line came such as Thomas Smith, I. Moore, Gregory and Henry Gatesfield who was a partner of Thomas Smith and passed on his learning to his successor, Samuel Toulmin, who lived in the middle of the eighteenth century and was "a very great maker of silver cock-weapons."

This Toulmin, who hall-marked his spurs with the initials "T. S.," was about the last of the silver-spur merchants, as after his decease the formula for the preparation of the alloy used became lost, and as an alternative steel spurs came into general use.

In this line Singleton of Dublin made a name for himself, and his stamp "S" which appears on the sockets of the few specimens available is significant of what, in his day, was a super-excellent article.

I enclose a photograph of two of Singleton's spurs, from two pairs left to me by an old-time

"cocker."—ADAIR DIGHTON, Kneeworth, near Royston, Hertfordshire.

A STONE SUGAR-LOAF

SIR,—The stone "sugar-loaf" you see in my photograph stands in a field just off the road at Dallington, Sussex; it was built 100 years ago by Squire Jack Fuller, M.P., who rashly wagered, while at dinner, that Dallington Church spire could be seen from his garden at Brightling.

Challenged, he found this impossible, so set his men to build this curious structure, similar to the spire at Dallington, and then claimed that Dallington's church could be seen from his grounds—and presumably won his bet.

Later he offered £100 to any man who would live in it for a year without washing, shaving, or cutting his hair or nails. His acceptor admitted defeat after only a month, leaving Fuller, the originator of strange wagers, the victor once again.—DOWNSMAN, Worthing.

WHICH IS ENGLAND'S OLDEST CEDAR?

SIR,—Since two or three correspondents have lately referred to the Bretby and Enfield cedars (September 12, 26, November 7) as the oldest of their kind in England, I should like to point out that a cedar in the rectory garden at Childrey, near Wantage, is reputed to be more than a quarter of a century older than either of the other trees. There is some reason to think that it is not merely the oldest cedar now living in England but also the first ever to have



A SPIRE BUILT FOR A WAGER
(See letter "A Stone Sugar-loaf")

My snapshot, though poor, is sufficiently clear to show that this venerable tree is not in the same decayed state as the Bretby cedar, which you illustrated several weeks ago. Like nearly all of the species, the Childrey tree has suffered from snow and storms (especially in 1881), but it still seems strong and vigorous as ever, with a bole some 9ft. in diameter and lower branches spanning over 150ft. from tip to tip. For permission to take the photograph and for several details I am indebted to the present rector of Childrey.—J. D. U. WARD, Bradfield, Berkshire.

BLACKBIRD IMITATING YAFFLE

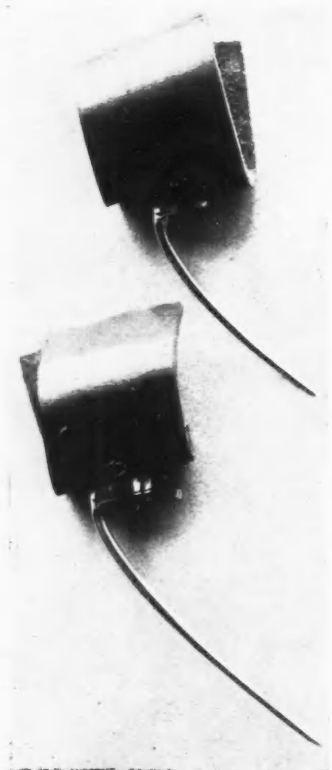
SIR,—Your correspondent's description (October 3) of a blackbird imitating a terrier's yelp reminded me that 15 years ago I heard a green woodpecker's laugh from an elm; turning my field-glasses in that direction, I saw a cock blackbird, and was amazed to see him throw back his head and break into a peal of "yaffle" laughter, ending with his own inconsequential cadence. Soon afterwards he flew off, and in the distance repeated the same performance.

This is the only time I have heard a blackbird imitate another bird's song, but the late Charles A. Witchell, in *The Evolution of Bird Song*, says that the blackbird is about as good a mimic as the blackcap, and has been known to crow like a cock. Witchell heard one imitate repeatedly the cry of a golden plover, and had also heard blackbirds reproduce the notes of greenfinch, blackcap, wood-warbler, nuthatch, peewit, swallow, great tit, green woodpecker, goldfinch, and magpie. He also quotes a report of a blackbird singing the first two bars of the once popular Victorian song *Two Lovely Black Eyes* so incessantly



THE ANCIENT CEDAR AT CHILDREY RECTORY, NEAR WANTAGE

(See letter "Which is England's Oldest Cedar?")



TWO PAIRS OF SINGLETON'S STEEL COCK-SPURS

(See letter "A Relic of Cock-fighting")

as to be wearisome. I have heard blackbirds sing many musical phrases, but not that one.—E. W. HENDY, *Holt Anstiss, Porlock.*

STOKE D'ABERNON AND SLYFIELD

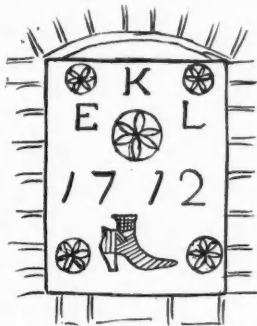
SIR,—I have been reading with much interest the articles by Mr. Hussey in *Stoke D'Abernion* in *COUNTRY LIFE* for November 21 and 28, and think you may like to see a copy of an old plan of Great Bookham made in 1614 for Sir George Howard, which shows the house as "Sr Francis Vincent's at Stoke," also Slyfield Manor, which *COUNTRY LIFE* illustrated April 16 and 23, 1938. This is presumably the earliest view of either house, and the sketch of Stoke is interesting as it shows that the house was square, surrounding all four sides of a courtyard, not only three as suggested; while Slyfield was a "U-shaped" house with a screen wall across the open side, pierced by a doorway. Of course it would not be safe to assume that the orientation can be accepted, but there seems little doubt that these two large houses are really depicted much as they were, and not as mere conventional signs. The

and may well have stood till Sir Francis Vincent reconstructed the house 1742-45. The drawing of Slyfield Manor was referred to by Mr. Arthur Oswald in his account, and conforms with the probable architectural history of that house which was altered and added to by George Shiers after he bought the property in 1614, the year this survey was made.—ED.]

1805-1941

SIR,—In the heart of Sussex, at Iping, near Midhurst, I have found a man who is doing exactly the same defence job, and on the very same ground, in this war as did an ancestor of his at the time of Trafalgar. I wonder if any readers know of any other cases of history repeating itself so exactly.

My photograph shows Mr. Archie Blunden doing Home Guard duty



AN INSCRIPTION AT FROYLE

(See letter "A Cobbler's Sign?")

A COBBLER'S SIGN?

SIR,—In the recent articles on the village of Froyle, Hampshire, reference was made to the dates (early eighteenth century) on some of the cottages. One of these is perhaps sufficiently curious to merit publication. It is rather roughly incised on a sandstone panel let into a clunch and brick house at the bottom of the lane leading to Husseys, described in Mr.

Hussey's article, I suppose the foot-war represented indicated that in 1712 the house was occupied by the village cobbler. The five circles containing six intersecting arcs are curious. The sign resembles the consecration crosses of churches, of which liturgical use required 12 inside and outside. But the design is one of the easiest to make with a piece of string,

if the initials can be identified.—CURIOUS CROWE, *Ash, Surrey.*

[We understand that the initials are not identifiable, though families of the name of Knight and Kemp are found in Froyle around 1670.—ED.]

NEW YEAR'S DAY SCALES

SIR,—These very old balances, kept by the churchwardens of Marshfield, Gloucestershire, were used to weigh the bread given in the church porch after Matins on New Year's Day. This was known as Gunning's Charity; Sir Robert Gunning, Knight, gave a rent charge at Cold Ashton of £5 a year to be spent on bread for the poor.

On the card is a piece of Abraham oak given to the vicar by the Arab Anglican priest in Nazareth.—F. R. WINSTONE, *Bristol.*

AN ANCIENT SUNDIAL

SIR,—A very curious old sundial, now probably destroyed, used to stand in the churchyard, at Kings Areley, in Worcestershire whither it had been brought at some time from Hartlebury a few miles away. There it formerly stood in a cottage garden and was known as the Wizard's Pillar, "having been made by one Fidkin, reputed to



A HOME GUARD WHOSE ANCESTOR SERVED ON THE SAME SPOT IN 1805

(See letter "1805-1941")



SCALES ONCE USED EVERY NEW YEAR'S DAY

(See letter "New Year's Day Scales")



THE WIZARD'S PILLAR SUNDIAL

(See letter "An Ancient Sundial")

survey was made by Thomas Clay, who also surveyed other Surrey manors.

The original map belongs to the National Trust, who obtained it when they took over the Bookham Commons. I was able to draw their attention to its existence during the course of researches into Bookham manorial records in 1937. The present copy is a print from an exact tracing, made from a full-size photostat, and compared and corrected by collation with the original, which is creased and stained so that it is quite unusable for direct reproduction.

I should add that although I have examined a great number of relevant documents, I know of no other material bearing on the architectural history of either of these houses at that period.—JOHN H. HARVEY, *Plas Newydd Cottage, Prestatyn, North Wales.*

[These interesting early representations can be safely accepted as faithful at least as regards their general plan and character. The belief that Stoke D'Abernion consisted in three sides of the court filled by the Georgian saloon was based on the timber-work of these three sides being still partially in existence. Evidently there was a fourth side parallel to the river when Sir Thomas Vincent became possessed of the property; this probably contained the great hall

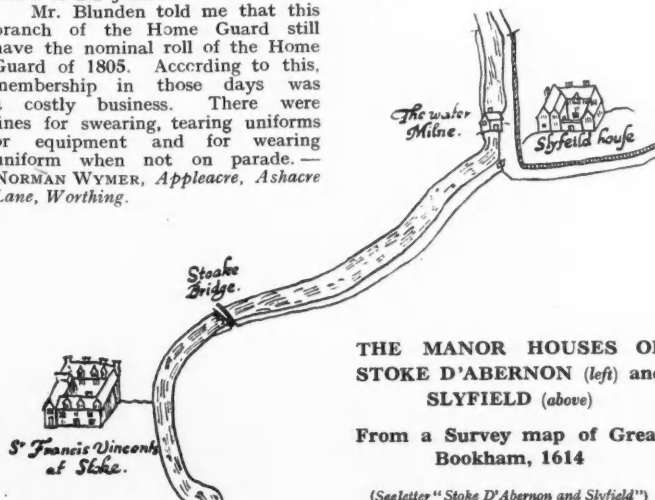
where Mr. James Blunden served with the Home Guard of those days round 1805 when the Volunteers were called out as a safeguard against invasion.

This record is made the more remarkable by the fact that Archie's commanding officer lives in the same house as did James's.

Mr. Blunden told me that this branch of the Home Guard still have the nominal roll of the Home Guard of 1805. According to this, membership in those days was a costly business. There were fines for swearing, tearing uniforms or equipment and for wearing uniform when not on parade.—NORMAN WYMER, *Appleacre, Ashacre Lane, Worthing.*

and I imagine it was used here by the stone-cutter simply for decoration rather than to give this cobbler's any sacred significance—which, at that time, would no doubt be regarded as popish as well.

It would be interesting to know



THE MANOR HOUSES OF STOKE D'ABERNON (left) and SLYFIELD (above)

From a Survey map of Great Bookham, 1614

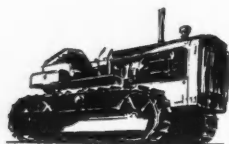
(See letter "Stoke D'Abernion and Slyfield")

be a wizard and set up in his garden." It is also said to have borne curious inscriptions and a figure of Time on the stem—presumably the winged figure that appears in the photograph which I enclose—and also the date 1687. It was blown down in a gale in 1912, and apparently never replaced.—M. W., *Hereford.*

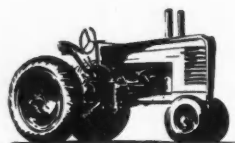
TITS AND MILK-BOTTLES

SIR,—I was amused to see in a letter to *COUNTRY LIFE* that it was apparently a surprise to some of your readers to hear that tits peck off the caps of "unattended" milk-bottles and drink the cream.

In a village in Kent where I usually spend much of my time—or did, before war intervened—for years it has been unsafe for the milkman to leave bottles of milk on doorsteps unless the cap had an extra covering—sometimes the milk book balanced on the top of the bottle, or the lid of a tin, or a flower-pot saucer, an inverted cup, a small piece of wood—something just heavy enough to resist the tits' attempts to peck it off, and if by some oversight this extra covering were forgotten for one night only, the bottle would be plundered. I had imagined this practice was general, but I gather that it is not—yet.—M. M. OYLER, 20, York Road, Bournemouth.



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FARMING NOTES

THE FARM WORKER'S RENT

WHILE the Central Agricultural Wages Board has decided on 60s. as a national minimum wage for farm workers, nothing has been settled about cottage rents. Until now farm workers have been allowed their cottages at very low rents, usually no more than 3s. a week, because their cash wages were low. Now their wages are being raised to a level more comparable with town wages, and there are good reasons why they should pay economic rents for their cottages. It is not just a matter of farmers wanting to recoup themselves for the addition to the weekly wages bill. The point is that until cottage rents are fixed at an economic level we shall never get the standard of housing in the villages up to a satisfactory level that will keep the best type of young man on the land. There are many thousands of farm cottages which still lack even the most elementary amenities like a fitted sink. Very few have any plumbing. If we want to attract the right type of man to farm work, housing everywhere must be improved to certain modern standards after the war.

MUCH good work was done in some districts, under the Rural Workers' Housing Act of 1926, before this war. Owners of farm cottages could get a two-thirds grant towards the cost of re-conditioning, but some county councils had curious ideas about the administration of this Act. They thought that if a man was comparatively well-to-do he should not make any call on public funds to improve his cottage property. As a result, many farm workers are still living under unsatisfactory conditions. Now that a farm-to-farm survey is being made and the condition of farm cottages is being noted, it ought to be made obligatory on owners to put their cottages into a satisfactory condition and provide essential amenities just as soon as the labour and material are available after the war.

SPEAKING in the House of Commons, Mr. Hudson has said "What we have to do is to have sufficient labour and building materials earmarked to provide the cottages required to re-house the rural population and also put the farm buildings in order. I am quite sure myself that one of the most important steps that can be taken to raise the standards of the agricultural worker will be to see that he is in a position to pay an economic rent for his cottage." That is clear enough. With a national minimum wage of £3 a week we can begin to get the cottage problem tackled. Even now, with the limited labour and materials available, some essential improvements can be made. For the better cottages, either modern or re-conditioned, the owner should be allowed to charge up to 10s. a week. The ordinary cottage might very well be rented at 5s. a week and the higher rent for the better cottage charged only after inspection and approval by the County Wages Committee. The decision about cottage rents seems to lie with these local committees. It is a pity that the Central Board having fixed a national minimum wage could not also fix a national rent for farm cottages.

WE all like, if we can, to apply plenty of farmyard manure, to have clover leys that can be ploughed in on suitable land, to use sheep-folding and green manuring. It is possible to make good deficiencies in other directions by chemical fertilisers. The supply of artificial manures is with the exception of potash greatly in excess of the quantities we used in pre-war days, though not in excess of the quantities we require. Their value and proper use have been brought home to thousands of farmers who made little use of fertilisers before the war, and there is not to-day so much ignorant talk about "artificial robbing the land." Few of us had any idea of the supreme value of phosphates in converting phosphate-starved clay land into a soil that will grow decent crops. If all the new knowledge that

has been gathered in the last two years is applied sensibly, the many thousands of stagnant acres now stirred into production ought never to relapse after the war. With modern tools we have learnt how to farm some of the most difficult land in the country.

THERE are some who will be tempted to exploit these opportunities and wring a greater immediate output from the land than it ought to be expected to produce if England is to be properly farmed in the years to come. The War Agricultural Committees will have to watch these men just as they watch those who are laggard in stirring their fields to greater production by ploughing up grassland and applying fertilisers. The exploiters will need

to have directions served on them to under-sow some of their corn crops with clover and grass seeds next spring. But I do not believe that there are many soil robbers in this country. Most of us have engrained in us the tenets of good husbandry and are reluctant to beggar the land for immediate gain. By and large, I believe with Mr. Mansfield that the condition of our farmland is definitely on the up-grade. Our farmers, in the main, have a feeling for their land and can be relied upon to let slip no opportunity of maintaining and increasing soil fertility even in time of war. For myself, I would much rather forgo the possibility of snatching a quick profit by putting plenty back into the soil as I go along rather than have the pleasure of writing an extra fat cheque for taxes to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

ADVANTAGES OF REAL ESTATE

ALL difficulties notwithstanding, and they have been many, real estate has retained unimpaired its elements of stability and security, and, though the net yields have fallen, they still remain a little better than those from gilt-edged securities, not very much better, though, if allowance be made for the attention that must be given to management and control, either personally by owners, or by their agents. Yet the advantages of real estate, compared with most other forms of investment, have partly contributed to the diminution in market activity throughout 1941. Owners, perceiving those advantages, have been unwilling to place property in the market, the more so seeing that there are practically no avenues of re-investment open to them at the present time. The chief sales in 1941 have been of property involved in the winding-up of estates by executors, or for the purposes of defraying death duties. The chief purchases have been by perpetual corporations or other investors with large funds, funds in some cases earmarked for real estate only. Some of the old trust deeds of great collegiate or similar establishments are eloquent of the benefits of sound investment in real estate, and the present controllers of such institutions rightly look for real estate that may in the future afford some degree of enhancement in value, though probably not on the scale of certain past instances.

PROSPECT OF FUTURE INCREMENT IN VALUE

HITHERTO the gradual development of property has proved most helpful to perpetual corporations, which, as landowners, have seen the outward spread of towns convert grazing or arable, yielding a few shillings an acre, into building sites that have been parcelled out at high ground rents. In London itself land that was bequeathed by pious founders, perhaps to maintain and educate a dozen children, has, in the course of a few decades, so grown in value that schemes of great magnitude have been possible. But one of the changes that will be associated with the year 1941 is a new attitude towards development values. In reality it is not as new as many people seem to think, being closely allied to the old cry of "unearned increment." The intricate problem of reconstruction, with all its difficulties for property-owners, needs rather simplification than complication, but the tendency of those who volunteer suggestions on the subject is to insist that such debatable questions as "betterment" and the acquisition by the State of the development rights in all land, urban and rural, must first be fought out. Without the pressure of present circumstances, it is true, but not without a sense of the intricacy of the problems, such subjects as land values, rating and taxation, and "betterment," provided material for discussions that absorbed much time and energy only a few years ago. To-day they threaten to come up again, and what has happened in regard to them in 1941 should prepare property-owning interests for a renewal of the struggle. Why proposals to interfere with development rights are so vital to landowners has been recently discussed in the Estate Market pages of COUNTRY LIFE and need not now be more than named as possible problems in 1942.

AGENCY WORK IN THE PAST YEAR

AGENTS have had a perplexing year, with a business mostly of a restricted type, and that, very much of it, of a worrying order, coping with

the complexities of the relation of landlord and tenant, both of whom have had, as classes, to deal with points that are still engaging the attention of the courts. In the conduct of sales and lettings, agents have been hampered by the depletion of their staffs, the delay and difficulty of every mode of communication, not least the necessity of economising petrol. However, they have on the whole succeeded in satisfying their clients, and they can look forward hopefully to the better days that may not be long deferred.

BRIGHTEST FEATURES OF THE MARKET

THE brightest spot in the market has unquestionably been the demand for farms. Many investors are still seeking not merely single farms but compact estates up to thousands of acres, and the recorded sales in these pages in the past year prove that they are not seeking large areas in vain. Another class of property that has shown a better tendency in 1941, especially in the latter half of the year, has been small residential freeholds not too far from London and the other large centres. The promise of comparative safety in a personal sense, and the satisfaction of embarking capital in a sound investment, have attracted a very large sum into this important section of the market, and 1942 ought to mark yet more enterprise in the same direction. The advertisement pages of COUNTRY LIFE continue to present readers with an ample choice of nice houses and useful small acreages, at prices that cannot be regarded as excessive. Many of these offers are on behalf of owners who have to relinquish cherished freeholds in order to join or rejoin the fighting Services, and the thought has shorn some buyers of the satisfaction which ordinarily might have been felt by those who have acquired pleasant houses and delightful grounds.

"SPECULATIVE" TRANSACTIONS

MUCH was heard in the last two or three months of 1941 about the alleged oppressive and grasping activity of speculators in agricultural land, but the outcry was overdone, and an apparently simple remedy has been devised for obviating any grievance in the case of farms, by the contemplated Defence Order prohibiting the termination of the tenancy of land which has been the subject of a contract of sale within a specified period. There was never much substance in the contention that new owners were eager to get rid of good farmers, and it is probable that, where apparently exorbitant prices were demanded from sitting tenants for farm land, the land had a special value far beyond that of farming. Supposing a few acres, hitherto used as a small holding, on the outskirts of some favourite residential or holiday resort, are and have rightly been regarded as ripe for building development it hardly accords with fair play that the purchaser should be expected to part with it at the agricultural value. Why, indeed, should he part with the land at all? Supposing that he did, the buyer, albeit originally merely a small-holder, would presumably receive a substantial present of what must be truly called "unearned increment." Conceivably it is only by averaging one portion of a purchase with another that the buyer of a large estate can hope to recoup himself for his venture. The vast majority of buyers of farms are only too anxious to retain good tenants at a fair rent.

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NEW BOOKS

A REMARKABLE NEW NOVEL

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

I DON'T think I have, before this, given a novel first place in these notes on reading, but I shall do so this week because I have found what seems to me to be a very good novel indeed. It is called *Herself Surprised* (Michael Joseph, 8s.), and the author, though his name is Joyce Cary, is a man.

This surprised me. It was only when I was half way through the book that I noticed on the wrapper the publisher's reference to Mr. Cary. The book had an understanding of the feminine mind so intuitive and so deep that I should have said it was twenty to one a woman had written it.

The narrative is in the first person, and the narrator, Sara Monday, has a fine gift with the pen. Improbably fine, I thought. That is the only complaint I want to bring against the book. Sara was a village girl whose education had been of the sketchiest, and although such a person might express herself shrewdly and forcibly, it is not likely that some of the passages in this book would be within her range. For example, when she became housekeeper in a country mansion, she sat down and meditated on her kitchen, and the utensils it contained, and the little side-rooms, the scullery and the pantries opening off it. "And indeed I felt bits of myself running out from the grand kitchen into pantry and scullery and larder and beyond into the passage and the still-room and even to the cellar and the boot-hole as if I was really a king or queen whose flesh is brought up to be the father of all his countries, and not to forget the little bye-lands even when they are on the dark side of the sun. You would say I was putting out in buds like a shallot with my big kitchen heart in the middle and my little hearts all round in the empire of those good faithful offices."

STUDY OF HUMANITY

There is a lot more of it, beautifully done, and it shows how Mr. Cary can write, but I doubt whether it shows how Sara Monday would have written. Let us accept that Sara was capable of these high flights that would have done credit to Keats and then there is no more complaint to make.

The piquancy of Sara's situation and character is that she is amoral, believes herself to be substantially moral, and is again and again surprised at her lapses into what she takes for her own immorality. She tells her story with candour. When very young she married a Mr. Monday, a wealthy man old enough to be her father, and splendidly she overcame the difficulties of adapting herself to

an alien society. Her rule of life was to take what she wanted, and often enough she was able to do this by giving what other people wanted. Most of her friends were men.

She was able to improve her husband's business and social standing by being agreeable to the wealthy Mr. Hickson; and when her husband was dead and she was living with Gulley Jimson, an artist, Hickson was still useful, for he was a collector.

Jimson is a wonderfully drawn character, a dirty, callous brute who could always count on a woman to adore him, though all they seemed to get from him was starvation and black eyes. Seemed is the right word here, for Mr. Cary succeeds in making us

realise something of what the women saw in Jimson: the fire of his genius, the bubbling of his joy—when he was joyous—even the religion that was fundamental beneath the dross.

When she could stand Jimson no longer, Sara became a housekeeper, the solace of her aged employer, and she ended up in gaol, convicted of petty thefts. The course of the narrative is simple and unsensational, but it is full of the acutest apprehension of human motive and knowledge of human conduct. Mr. Cary is not out to beat big drums, but he produces true music.

SINCERE BIOGRAPHY

Mr. Robert Emmons's *Life and Opinions of Walter Richard Sickert* (Faber, 25s.) is a full-length study of a great painter and a great personality. It is illustrated with reproductions of Sickert's paintings and drawings, and it assembles many of the scattered writings on art and other matters that Sickert has, throughout the years, casually contributed to the Press. The gathering together of these writings into an accessible form is one of the chief services Mr. Emmons has here performed.

Mr. Sickert himself read the manuscript of the book, and, says Mr. Emmons, "made no more damaging criticism of it than 'Sentimental tosh!'"

But it is not that. It is a sincere and able book, and, if an element of hero-worship enters into it, no biography, I think, was ever the worse for that.

Sickert considered that, while nothing could prevent Cezanne's masterpieces from "taking rank," the work of Cezanne on the whole was "immensely over-rated"; and Mr. Emmons's own view is that possibly future generations will "recognise that it was left to Walter Sickert rather than to Cezanne 'to make of

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Impressionism something solid and durable like the old masters."

Here then we have the career of the man to whom a biographer finds it possible to pay so high a tribute. It is a career full of crochets, quirks and idiosyncrasy. The descendant of several generations of painters, Sickert wanted at first to be an actor, and indeed was an actor for a time. Then he became a pupil of Whistler, and he has always remained a believer in the apprentice-master relationship (and not only in art) rather than in the conventional methods of the art-school.

His contact in Paris with the Impressionists, and his deep friendship with Degas and admiration for his work, appear to have been decisive. Financially, life was not then rosy. He had an arrangement with a dealer "by which they took his canvases in roped-up (and unseen) batches of ten at £40 the batch, with one batch thrown in as 'make-weight.'" The time was to come when £660 would be bid for one of his canvases at Christie's; but the less said about sale-room prices the better. Sickert has had some harsh things to say about the way in which fashion and competitive bidding, rather than individual taste and knowledge, can send prices soaring.

ART SNOBBERY

He has always been an opponent of art snobbery, and once suggested: "Let us give the word 'Art' a moratorium for a hundred years. We shall be nearer to achieving the thing." Which is certainly a finer attitude than that of a novelist whom I once heard say pompously in a public speech: "After all, we are artists or nothing." Above all, Sickert has abhorred the "refined" attitude to art, as to life, and he rightly insists that what we call "refinement" in England does not mean what the French mean when they say *raffinement*. "The refined," he has said, "are perhaps further from art, who is a robust and racy wench, than any other class."

Mr. Emmons has done his work well. He has brought a lively personality into the ring; he has expatiated with conviction on his points; and he has had the sense to let his man show us a good deal of his own paces.

Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, like anybody of feeling and of sensitive imagination, is moved to the marrow by the day we live in. His book *The Wind is Rising* (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.) is a record of experiences and emotions from August, 1939, to August, 1941. The burden of his theme is not a new one: that, whether we like it or not, we have reached the end of an age, that whatever tomorrow we may live to achieve cannot be like yesterday. For better or worse, it will be new and different, and the choice of better or worse is ours. And it is a last chance. "If we lose it, then we are lost; it is as well to be plain, while there is time to save ourselves."

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Tomlinson is a great writer; and when I say a great writer I do not mean a perfect arranger of words. The greatness of a writer can shine through many imperfections of style, for it is a greatness of mind. But it happens in Mr. Tomlinson's case that the greatness of mind is matched with a perfect control over the means of expression. This happy hand-in-glove conjunction has always seemed to me to come out best when Mr. Tomlinson is not writing fiction; and, if I am

any judge, it has never been better done than in the present book.

These are days, alas! when the arts and graces of life have had to stand aside for grimmer protagonists; but all the same, let it be pointed out here that *The Wind is Rising* is as fine a work of prose as you and I are likely to see for a long time.

BEAUTY OF WRITING

It is impossible to say much about the book's content because it ranges, as a man's mind in these days ranges, over a vast backward and forward vista, with the present blazing in the centre. Where we have come from to reach this pass, what hopes we have for life and its civilities when the madness is over, what the actual scenes of the terror are, here in England where so little time ago such matters were unthinkable: all this, on a string of reverie and speculation, makes the book. It demands to be read from any point of view: for the beauty of its writing, for the civilisation of its thinking, and for its memorable pictures of war in progress in London and the English countryside.

Let me briefly mention two new books published by Batsford at 10s. 6d. each: Christina Hole's *English Custom and Usage* and Thomas Burke's *English Night Life*. Each, as is usual with Batsford books, is crowded with illustrations that are beyond praise. Miss Hole covers a great deal of ground in town and country. Pagan survivals, religious ceremonies, wakes and fairs: not much that is deep in our roots has escaped her notice.

Mr. Burke says in an introduction that reviewers of his book *The Streets of London* complained that it was "on the side of the shady and riotous." He adds: "They may be inclined to make the same complaint of this book." If complaint it is, it certainly may be made. But, as Mr. Burke asks: "What is one to do?" Night-life is night-life. Good little birds take to their nests at dusk, and if this is mainly a record of owls and night-hawks there seems to be nothing to do but say that their sports and follies are presented with knowledge and liveliness.

FARMERS' TEXT-BOOK

Agriculture, by James A. S. Watson and James A. More. (Oliver and Boyd, 17s. 6d.)

THE sub-title of this standard text-book written by Professor Scott Watson and Mr. More is "The Science and Practice of British Farming." Originally it was designed and thought out with the agricultural student almost alone in view. But British farming has changed a good deal since it first appeared and there are now many practising farmers who by this time—being confronted with problems new to them—will be delighted to have such a convenient and practical book of reference. This fifth edition has therefore been given something of a tilt in the direction of its new public and should be more useful to them than its predecessors. It will be a boon to everyone to have a concise summary of the results of recent research, and the assumption (which underlies the alterations and additions) that the policy of increased production has already altered the farmer's outlook, has led to a welcome all-round interpretation of his business. It is worth noting that though, in the section which deals with Farm Organisation and Management, pre-war prices have had to be employed, the prices on which the new Agricultural Index is based are set out in an appendix.

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SUTTON'S GARDEN SEED CATALOGUE for 1942 is now ready and will be gladly forwarded on request.

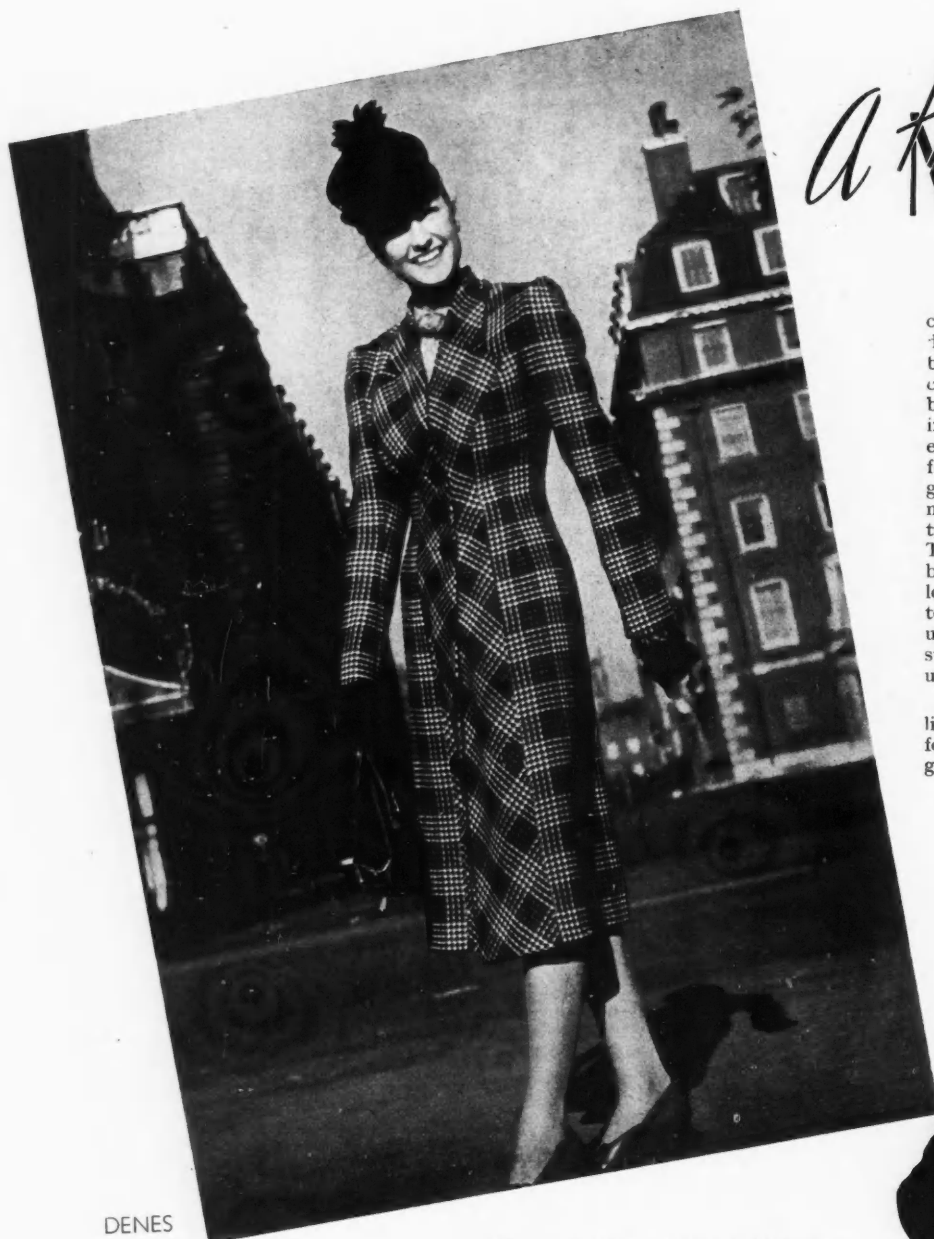
SUTTON'S • READING



WE TOUCH a switch and we have light; we turn a tap and there is water; we open our morning door and the milk is waiting . . . Someone has been there before our need arose—someone who could be counted on not to fail. How much of our complex world hangs on such unconsidered service! How vast a network of transport would dissolve if, for example, sparking plugs were not the dependable things we try to make them!

A-C SPHINX SPARKING PLUGS

A Happy NEW YEAR



DENES

THE New Year sees the shops full of charming etceteras for brightening our clothes and our houses. In the big stores the counters are banked with exquisite artificial flowers and laden with every conceivable kind of collar, cuff, ribbon and lace, belts, hoods, snoods, gloves.

At Debenham and Freebody, in the sale, there are many different kinds of knitted caps to wear in the country with tweeds. There are Russian caps in thick black crochet, helmets like an aviator's. There are fluffy discs attached to mesh scarves, and a cap that is like a big pom-pom, attached to a snood into which you tuck unruly hair. At Peter Robinson is the newest kind of headgear for a rainy day, an oil-silk handkerchief that can be made into a twisted turban or a bandana, or tied under the chin like a peasant's. Other oil-silk caps at Peter Robinson's are lined with silk and shaped like a sun-bonnet with a frill at the back; others, hoods pure and simple, are gauged all over, and come in bright colours. Debenham and Freebody have two marvellous lines in country gloves. One is a pull-on hogskin, hand-sewn and washable, that is made in two colours, oatmeal and natural, reduced from 24s. 9d. to 19s. 6d. Woollen gloves, worked in a thick honeycomb stitch like a riding-glove, in brown, navy, yellow and black, have been reduced from 8s. 6d. to 6s. 11d. and take only one coupon. Both these gloves are extremely hard-wearing and look smart. So do the curly astrachan woollen gauntlets which are selling in

Bianca Mosca at Jacqmar designed this tweed coat. It is for town or country, in a checked Cumberland tweed, mixed blues on an oatmeal coloured ground. With it goes a squashy blue felt beret, underneath it a bright blue woollen dress.

Hartnell's cloth coat is copper coloured with a new square cut to the neck. Into the square is folded a copper and peacock square of silk. The buttons are beaten copper. The colour is one that Hartnell is featuring all through his collection.

Peter Robinson's sale for 5s. 11d. Here also are still to be found a few angoras, now at a premium. They have the palm in a dark colour, the back in a bright.

Among the bargains in knitted clothes at Debenham and Freebody are a whole range of jersey suits with plain tailored jackets and striped skirts which have all been reduced to £4. The jackets are tailored like a tweed, and are grand for wearing in the summer over a cotton frock, or any time over a woollen frock or any odd skirt in the house, as well as with their own striped skirt. These suits are extremely practical, and good buying. They are made in greys, browns,

clover and navy. Cashmere sweaters and cardigans are appearing in Debenham and Freebody's sale for 39s. 6d.; some are absolutely classic, some with the simple neckline broken by inlet bands of purl. A few evening sweaters in fine bouclés have steel necklaces, or sequins embroidered on the yoke. By the bye, all the furs at Debenham's have been reduced from guineas to pounds. They hold good stocks, but no more furs are coming into the country, and the ones they have are absolutely unrepeatable. There are lovely town-and-country fur coats in baby seal, tailored like tweed, very youthful-looking. Their corduroy skirts are a bargain, too, only use four coupons, and are very smart under a fur coat in the country worn with a sweater or shirt. They cost 59s. 6d. and upwards.

I found wonderful pure silk satin for lingerie at Derry and Toms in soft pastel colours for 12s. 9d. and 14s. 9d. a yard. When this goes there will be no more till after the war.



NATURAL
OPPOSSUMOne of many offers at
**MOLHO'S
WINTER SALE**is this attractive and useful
model in Natural Oppos-
sum with detachable hood.Real value at **39 GNS.**
During Sale **27 GNS.****molho**
WELBECK 58915, DUKE STREET,
MANCHESTER SQUARE, LONDON. W1*Gorringes*
SALE**begins Jan. 5th**We can no longer send
you catalogues free, but
if you send us 1½d. stamp
we will gladly forward
a Sale Catalogue.

B70 (above)

SPORTS HAT in fur felt, trim-
med with self petersham. Black,
Brown, Navy, Blue, Wine or Bottle.
Sizes 6½, 7.Sale Price **25/9**

B73 (right)

ATTRACTIVE FELT HAT
with turn down edge, trimmed
with self petersham ribbon. Black,
Navy, Tan, Wine, Bottle, Blue.
Sizes 7, 7½. Post 7d.Sale Price **18/11**

NO COUPONS REQUIRED

Frederick Gorrings, Ltd.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

VICTORIA 6866



The Derry Sale

DAILY 9 to 4 p.m.

A fuller list of the "Specials" that make the Derry Sale so interesting to those who regard quality first is given in the "Derry Post," price one penny, which is sent to subscribers only. The current SALE EDITION and five following issues will be sent post free to any address on receipt of subscription of sixpence.

**Example of Suit Value**Three-piece Suit in good frieze.
Colours; Green, Black, Navy,
Rust and Mid-Blue.COSTUME and
LONG COAT **9½**

Sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46.

TWEED SKIRTS in
Checks and Plain. **20/-**The Sale includes many
special values in different
and necessary articles.**Linens**IRISH LINEN SHEETS
2-row cord hems. In
double bed
size only **105/-**
2½ × 3 yds. per pairEGYPTIAN COTTON
SHEETS. 2-row cord hems
2 × 3 yds. **39/6**
Double bed
size 2½ × 3
yds. 52/6 per pair**Fabrics**Special offer of BLACK
VELVET. Fine lustre and
deep pile. **8/11**
Limited quan-
tity, 36ins. wide per yard
ALL SILK SATIN for Lin-
gerie, Dresses, etc. Lovely
lustre and finish. In many
glorious col-
ours. 36 ins. **12/9****Curtains**Special sale offer of Black-
out curtains. Floral de-
signs on cream, black
lined. **50/-**
Size 48 ins. ×
2½ yds. long. per pair
Swiss embroidered ecru
panel curtains. Size 24
ins. wide by **2/3**
49 ins. long.**China**"Grosvenor" TEA SER-
VICE. Indian Tree design.
21 pieces for **37/6**
6 persons.


Derry & Toms

Kensington, W.

Margaret Marks Sale

Begins January 5
No catalogues issued, but wonderful
bargains as usual.

Margaret Marks Ltd.
KNIGHTSBRIDGE
S.W.1

JANE AND JUDY ALTERATION SPECIALISTS

Expert in re-creating
your disused clothes

Why not use the precious
pre-war material lying idle
perhaps in men's suits and
great coats?

They can be unpicked
and re-made into suits or
winter coats

by

JANE AND JUDY

Ladies' Tailors • Dressmakers
Furriers • Milliners

Sloane
1537

36 Wilton Place,
London, S.W.1

JEWELLERY GOLD & SILVER IN ANY CONDITION IS WORTH MONEY

and more money is needed for the War effort!

We give **HIGHEST PRICES** for
OLD GOLD, DIAMONDS.
JEWELLERY OF ALL KINDS.

PEARLS, PRECIOUS STONES, ANTIQUE & MODERN
SILVER, COINS, PLATE ETC.

SELL TO BRAVINGTONS

TO-DAY'S RECORD PRICE FOR
SOVEREIGNS 39½

42½ in exchange against a purchase.

We pay the price we advertise.

Considerably over £2,000,000
now paid away.

Send by registered post or call to
ensure fair and highest prices.

Cash or offer by return.

BRAVINGTONS

The Cash Jewellers for over 100 years.

KINGS CROSS, N.1 (2 Doors from L.N.E.R. Terminus)

6 GRAND BLDGS. STRAND, W.C.2 • 75 FLEET STREET, E.C.4

(FACING TRAFALGAR SQUARE)

189 BROMPTON RD. S.W.3 • 22 ORCHARD STREET, W.1

(LOOK FOR CLOCK ON SOUTH SIDE) (100 YARDS FROM OXFORD ST.)

Bankers - WESTMINSTER BANK LTD. KINGS CROSS, N.1.



DENES

Berets return with the New Year. Debenham and
Freebody make one in nut-brown felt cut in radiating
sections with a headband of corded ribbon.

As we go to press they hold large stocks of pure silk stockings at 5s. a pair, clinging sheers as well as stronger ones for hard wear. The best shades are the warm beaver browns, but these are quickly disappearing. Another discovery at Derry and Toms is the bouclé "Fibro" for knitters. This has a lovely soft texture, a twisted effect in the yarn, a silk finish, and 8 ozs. can be bought for one coupon. It has been dyed in a special range of colours for Derry and Toms—clover, lime green, silver grey, turquoise, Saxe, navy and black—and costs 10½d. per ounce. It would make charming sweaters for spring suits.

Country coats at Margaret Marks's sale have all been reduced to £10. They are all plain, tailored to a T, some belted, some straight, some in camel-hair, some in thick Scotch tweed, in frieze and in the clipped alpaca fabrics that are warm and light as thistledown. A few of them are lined in ocelot fabric. All are practical enough for the country, smart enough for the town. Many woollen cardigans and pullovers have been reduced to 17s. 6d. These are for personal shoppers only, as they are singletons. So are some superb fur-trimmed coats, model coats, either smooth cloth, or bouclé woollens, or Shetland friezes, some banded with beaver, others collared and encrusted in the front with Persian lamb. These range in price from £6 to £30. All are bargains. Fur-trimmed hats and fur caps to wear with them, or with a cloth town suit, are reduced to 69s. 6d. There are caps and haloes, rolls of fur attached to cones, fur discs held on by folded skull caps. With an absolutely classic suit they are very *chic* worn with a fur muff and scarf to match, or huge furry gloves.

A buttonhole laid by each plate decorates a New Year party table and makes a charming present. Harvey Nichols have masses of artificial flowers made into adorable posies and buttonholes. They hold large stocks of French flowers and have put up mignonette with moss, rosebuds, camellias, pink rosebuds with forget-me-nots, posies of field flowers, bunches of mixed berries, oak apples and oak leaves, and ever so many more.

For the house-proud, intent on keeping up stocks, I commend the household department of Peter Robinson, where there can still be found coloured blankets, lovely to look at, now almost museum pieces. For children's and maids' beds they are showing, in their sale, quilts in plain coloured sateen, rose, green, gold, blue, single-bed size for 45s. Good strong cotton sheets, laundered ready for use, 2yds. by 3yds., are reduced to 29s. 6d. a pair, and a whole lot of Horrockses pillow-cases to 2s. 6d. By the bye, Peter Robinsons run a very efficient cleaning service in this department, a boon to country housewives. Their coloured rayon damask luncheon sets shine with the lustre of porcelain, have delicate scroll designs. Fine white Irish linen tea-cloths are hem-stitched, with napkins to match. It is not likely that conditions will be easier for some time to come, and many of us find wear and tear to house plenishings quite out of the ordinary. Unless we are away from home with everything stored, our houses are filled to capacity, when such things as sheets, pillow-cases, table-cloths all work overtime. The sales offer one more chance of keeping the linen cupboard equal to its task.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

McVITIE & PRICE

High Class Biscuits

In the National interest and in common with all Biscuit Manufacturers, McVitie & Price are cheerfully making the best of the difficulties of transport, calling up of staff, and shortage of various important ingredients.

At the same time in this connection, the magnificent work of His Majesty's Navy and Merchant Navy is most gratefully recognised.

The necessarily limited output of McVitie & Price Biscuits is being distributed as fairly as possible throughout the country, and shopkeepers should not be held responsible for any shortage.

Supplied only through Retail Shops and Stores

